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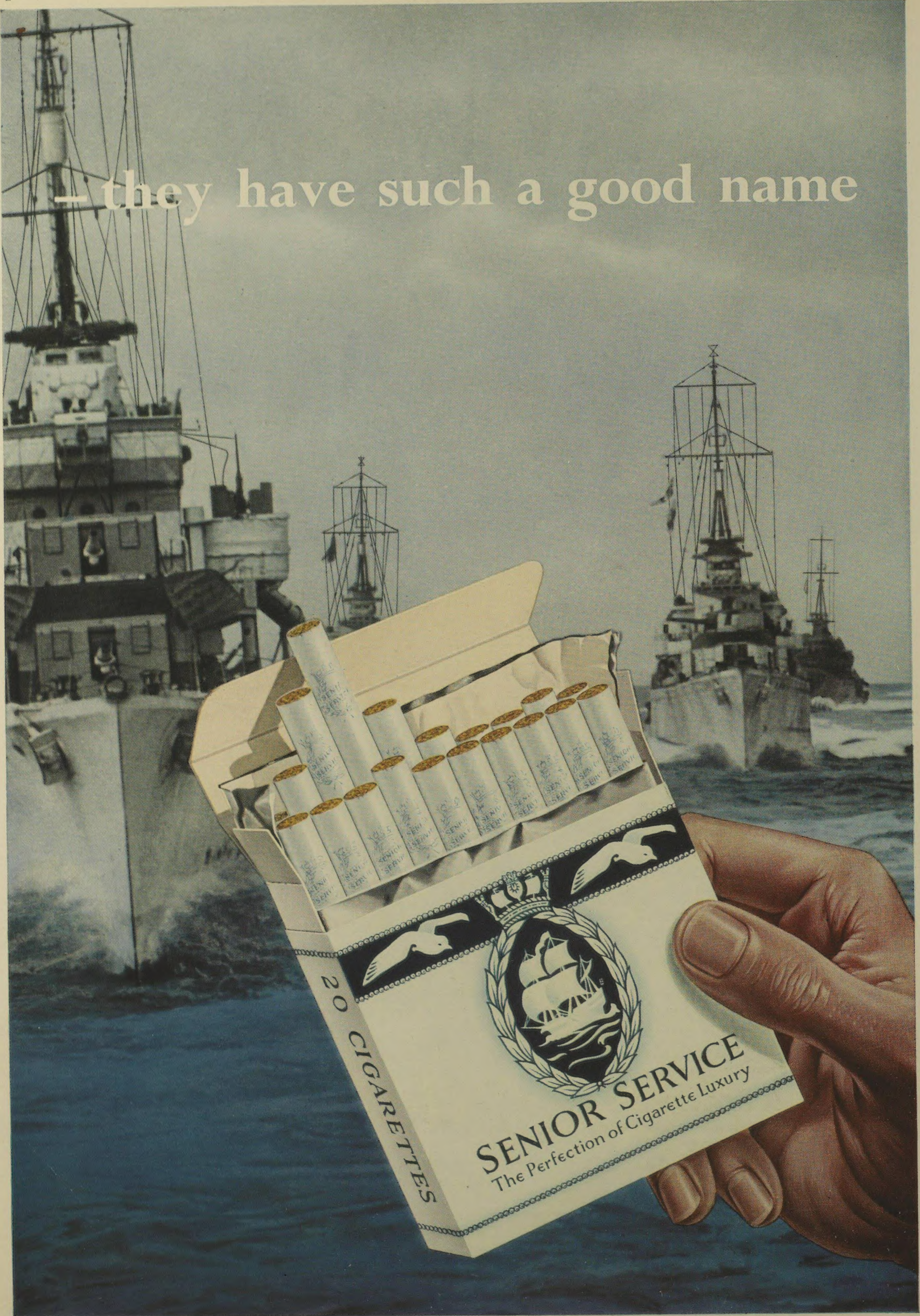
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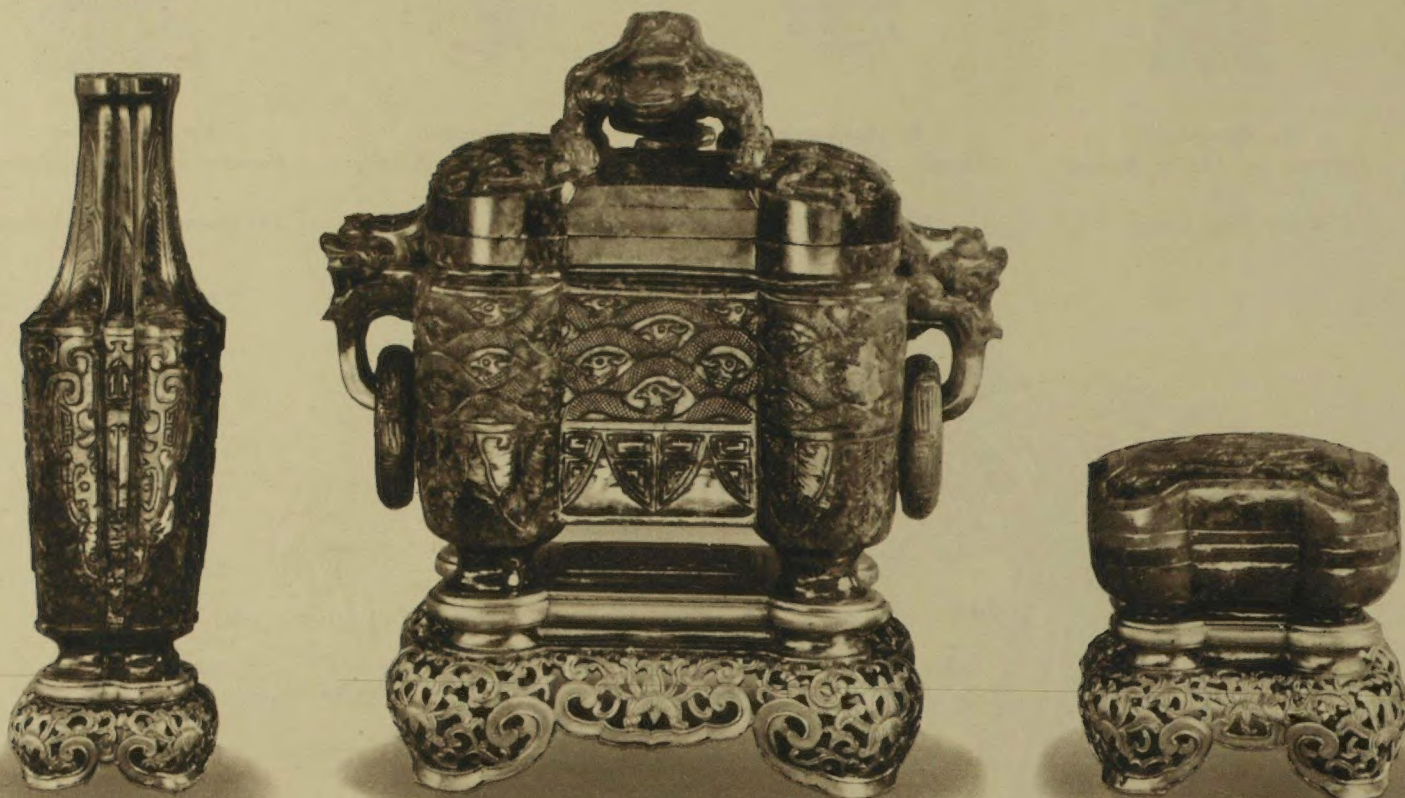
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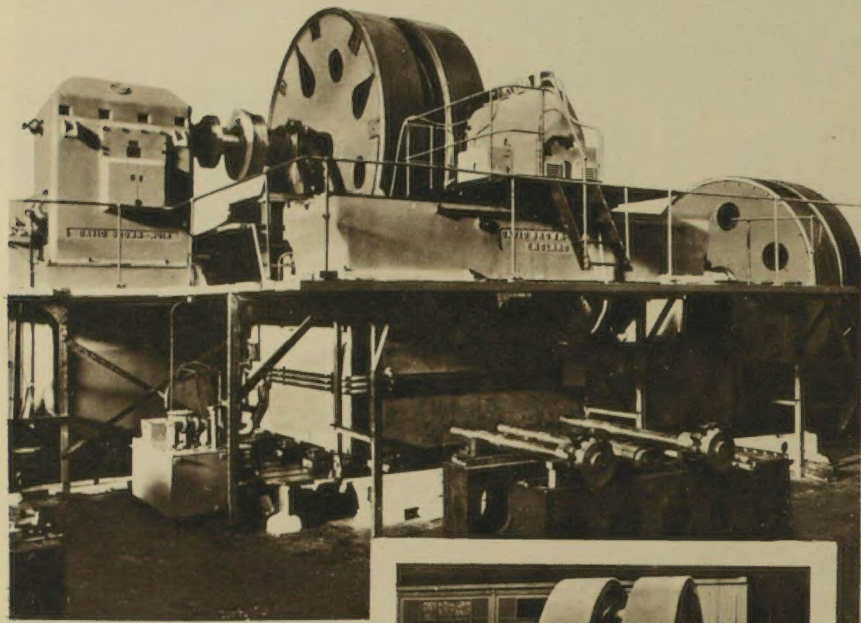
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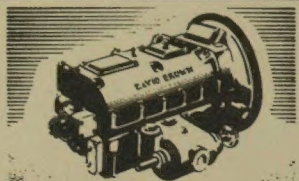
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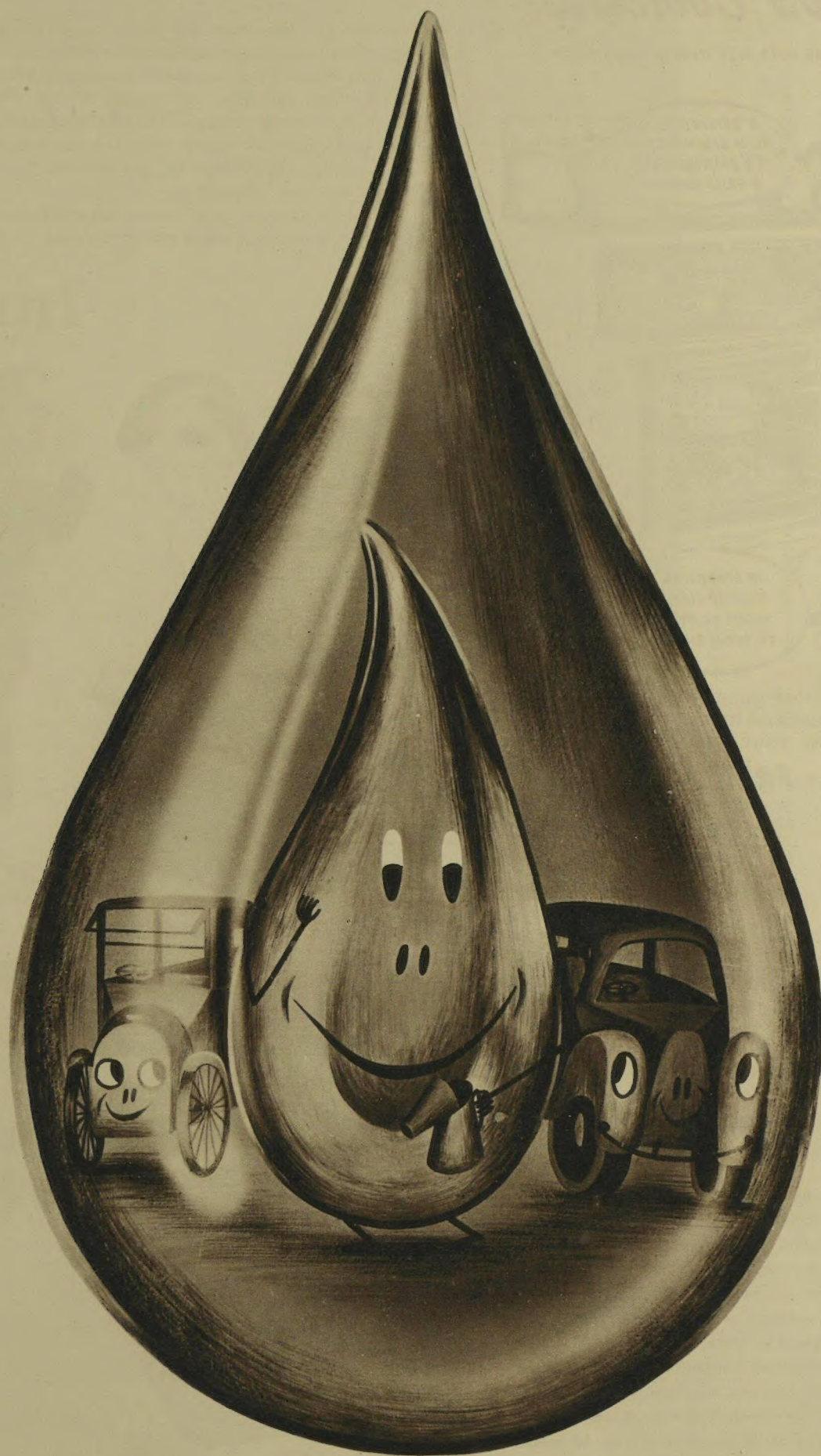
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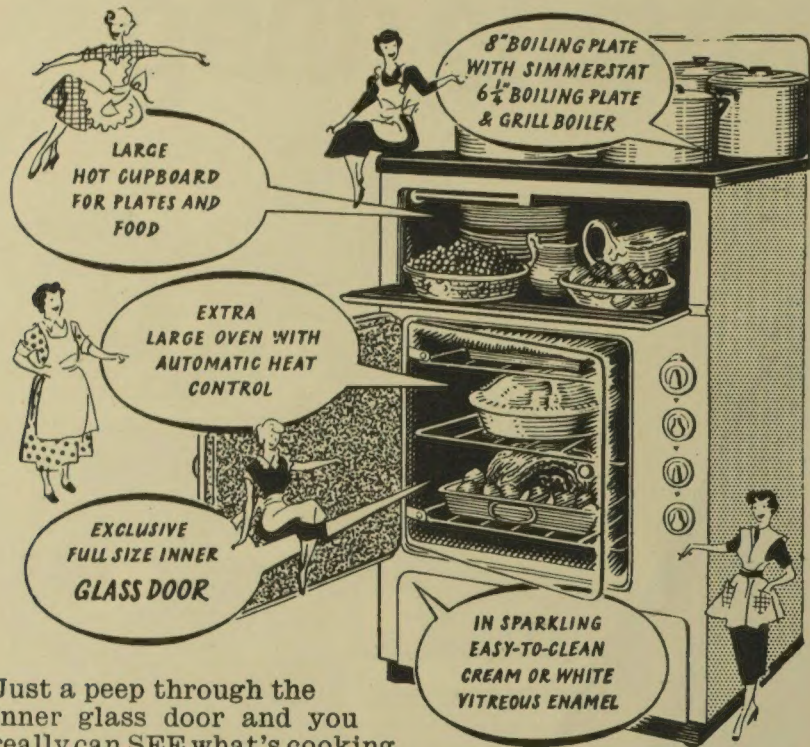


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JUNE 19, 1954


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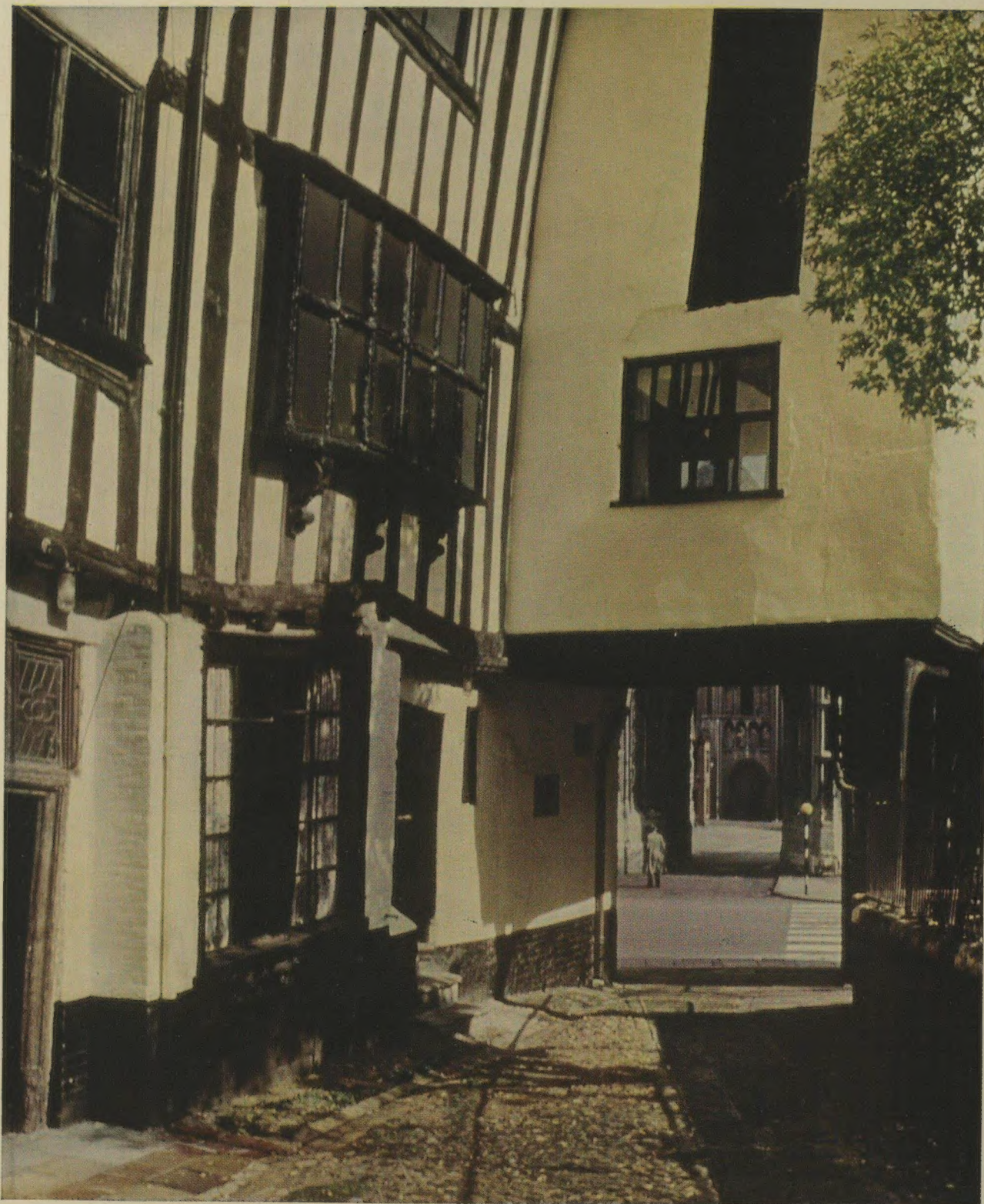
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A Kodachrome photograph

A fine city, NORWICH

In quiet Tombland Alley, with its distant glimpse of one of the Norman arches of Norwich Cathedral, still stands—or rather leans—this old half-timbered house, once the home of a wealthy mercer, Augustine Steward. In 1549, when Kett's rebels held Mayor Codd a prisoner, Steward, as Deputy Mayor, took charge of the distracted city, and his house became the headquarters of the King's forces. Historic buildings are not the only inheritance left to us by our ancestors, for they also founded the Norwich Union Insurance Societies on wise principles of mutual protection, the benefits of which are today enjoyed by their innumerable policyholders throughout the free world.



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SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1954.



THE TROOPING THE COLOUR CEREMONY ON JUNE 10: THE QUEEN, IN THE UNIFORM OF COLONEL OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS, LEADING THE PROCESSION TO HORSE GUARDS PARADE.

On June 10, the official birthday of the Queen, her Majesty, in the uniform of Colonel of the Coldstream Guards, the regiment whose Colour was Trooped, took the salute at the Birthday Parade and Trooping the Colour. Our photograph shows her Majesty, a graceful, composed and Royal figure, mounted on the police horse *Winston*, which has carried her on previous

Trooping ceremonies, with, behind her (left), her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, in the uniform of Colonel of the Welsh Guards, and her uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, in the uniform of Colonel of the Scots Guards. The Royal Dukes were mounted on handsome greys—both police horses. The ceremony is further illustrated on other pages of this issue.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IN one of the loneliest and loveliest valleys of Southern England stands the little church of Steeple. It lies between two long walls of downland, the chalk ridge to the north that shuts off the Isle of Purbeck from Egdon Heath and the Dorset mainland, and the limestone ridge to the south that is the inner and ultimate Purbeck range enclosing the village of Kimmeridge and the ancient house of Smedmore, beyond which is nothing but the dark shale cliffs of the Channel and the hidden shark's teeth of the submarine Kimmeridge Ledges. Between these two ridges lies a narrow sheltered valley running westwards from Corfe Castle and ending in the great and romantic white-chalk sweep of Worbarrow Bay. The eastern half of this valley is still what it has been for centuries—a friendly, well-farmed land of small, sloping, very green fields, little hangers of oak, and ancient stone-roofed cottages. The western half—in disregard of a solemn pledge given by Sir Winston Churchill's wartime National Government, later dishonoured in the name of administrative expediency by Mr. Attlee's Socialist Government, and apparently forgotten by Sir Winston Churchill's present Conservative one—is still what it has been since it was taken over at a few days' notice during the war by the American and British Armies—a desolate, uncared-for, rabbit-haunted wilderness of deserted, weed-ridden pastures, ruined houses and shell-swept, barbed-wire entanglements. At the intersection of these two areas, marked by red flags, hideous security-fences and ominous warning notice-boards, the tiny hamlet of Steeple still maintains the continuity of its age-long social life. The guns thunder incessantly during the summer days to west and north of it, where tanks, firing live ammunition, simulate the conditions, if not of the next atomic war, of the last non-atomic one, while on Bank Holidays and during the months of August and September a continuous stream of motor-cars from Bournemouth and Swanage wind their way in search of the picturesque along the valley road from Corfe and over the hill to Creech and Wareham, without their occupants ever realising the existence of the group of houses and guardian church hidden among the trees to the south of the road. During the rest of the year, though the guns maintain their mock cannonade whenever the unaccommodating climate of mists and gales permits, the road is as silent and little frequented as the village itself. And beyond the village, in an inner and deeper isolation, stands on a grassy mound the church where the men and women of the hamlet and the outlying farms have worshipped God for close on a thousand years.

They can do so no longer. About a year ago its roof timbers were found to be dangerously infected by death-watch beetle, and the church has had to be closed hastily and its services discontinued—something that had never happened before in all its long centuries of service to man and dedication to God. The handful of rustic families who comprise the population of the parish cannot unaided undertake the whole of the heavy and costly work of restoring and replacing the crumbling roof timbers and, though a generous grant has already been allocated by the Historic Churches Preservation Trust, and though prodigious efforts to raise money have been made and are being made by the villagers and the men and women of Purbeck—a single fête the other day produced £400—unless and until further help is forthcoming from a wider world the church must remain closed, and with it the organised Christian life of Steeple village.

It is an ironic reflection that a fraction of the sums spent in maintaining the ephemeral military "installations" inside the adjacent gunnery range—for they will probably soon be out-dated and rendered useless by the pace of modern scientific military development—would suffice to restore the church and prolong its 1000-year-old life for probably another millennium. Apart from its roof timbers, the church, like all the ancient architecture of Purbeck, is built of the stoutest stone and designed to defy the tempests that throughout the winter sweep from the western ocean over the downs and along the valley. But modern governments are not concerned with spiritual values, and those who govern England to-day, though ready to spend a small fortune on equipping an urban Lido or an ambassador's kitchen, seemingly regard ancient village churches as expendable. Nor, to do our

ruling politicians and bureaucrats justice, are the Church authorities appealing to them for help; for the Church, rendered wise by the experience of 2000 years, believes in its Founder's maxim of rendering unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's. The Church exists to serve and guide the needs and promptings of the individual conscience, and only the individual conscience can sustain the Church and its property. Like thousands of other ancient parish churches in England, Steeple depends, in the future as in the past, on the response of Christian men to the need for maintaining and transmitting Christ's teaching. Its hallowed beauty is a legacy from the love and devotion of successive generations who have selflessly responded to that need.

No sight I have ever seen is more characteristic of England, or in its homely, gentle way more beautiful, than the grey tower of Steeple church rising from the trees of the valley as viewed from the lonely ridge that divides it from the sea. Standing at the spot, a hundred yards or so from the commencement of the Lulworth Gunnery Range, one can look out to the

west and see, beyond Portland, the English Channel glistening into an horizon that opens out far beyond one's vision into the Atlantic and the new worlds beyond. It was the seamen of these south-coast towns and villages—the sturdy ship folk of Cornwall, Devon, Somerset, Dorset, Hampshire, Sussex and Kent, who made possible, by their faith, skill and hardihood, the colonisation by English-speaking people of what to-day is the greatest nation in the world, the United States of America. And as one turns from the sea and lets one's gaze rest on the valley at one's feet to the northward, the little church tower recalls how the faith and social discipline that was the cradle of that achievement was first created by the medieval Church and the Christian national polities it served and educated. On the great feasts of the Christian and English year there always flew from Steeple tower before the church was closed the cross of St. George: the cross that symbolised the virtues that England traditionally loved to honour: plighted faith, gentleness, valour and Christian service. It was those qualities that were preached, Sunday after Sunday, throughout the centuries, in the little grey church with its Norman nave and font, its Gothic lancet window, and Perpendicular tower. It was through them that arose that "calm and settled security" of which Washington Irving wrote a century ago, "that hereditary transmission of home-bred virtues and attachments that spoke deeply and touchingly for the moral character of the nation," that sense of steadiness, dependability and ultimate certainty that has been the sheet-anchor of the British people in crisis, and which was still able to save the world in 1940. Yet this little village church, like so many of the ancient parish churches of England, has associations that far transcend the homely and narrow bounds of rustic England. On the shield bosses on



DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR IN THE BIRTHDAY HONOURS LIST: DR. ARTHUR BRYANT, HISTORIAN AND THE CONTRIBUTOR OF "OUR NOTE BOOK" SINCE THE DEATH OF G. K. CHESTERTON EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO. Dr. Arthur Bryant, C.B.E., the eminent historian, whose contributions to "Our Note Book" page since the death of G. K. Chesterton—who himself wrote "Our Note Book" for over thirty years—have won him the admiration of our readers not only in this country but throughout the world, has been designated a Knight Bachelor in the list of Honours announced on June 10 to celebrate the official birthday of the Queen. Dr. Bryant, who is fifty-five, is the eldest son of the late Sir Francis Bryant and married in 1941 Anne Elaine Brooke, a daughter of the Tuan Muda of Sarawak. In addition to his many academic qualifications, he is the author and producer of several pageants, and his many historical works include books on Samuel Pepys, Charles II., George V., the growth of the Royal Navy, and a series of volumes on English history in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, "The Years of Endurance," "The Years of Victory" and "The Age of Elegance." At the moment Dr. Bryant is working on a new History of England in three volumes, the first of which, "The Story of England: I.—Makers of the Realm," was published last year.

Photograph by Angus McBean.

the ribbed roof of its minute nave are the arms of Washington impaling Lawrence—the three heraldic stars and stripes from which it has been suggested the stars and stripes of the American flag were taken. And even if this association with "Old Glory" is fanciful, there is no doubt of the little church's proud connection with the race of the great Virginian squire who changed the course of human history. Nor is its link with mighty and global events confined to the past. Only a decade ago, when thousands of American and British soldiers practised on Purbeck's tawny downs and cliffs the exercises which in the summer of 1944 broke the German Western Wall, the church became a place of spiritual refreshment and dedication to brave men who were about to offer up their lives in one of the noblest crusades in human history. Sunday after Sunday, during these fateful days of preparation and waiting, American soldiers quartered at Smedmore and Tyneham worshipped before its plain and tiny altar, and many, who fell on the Normandy beaches to free mankind from tyranny, must have taken their last sacrament kneeling before it. For this, as for so many reasons, it seems unthinkable that the church's long life should now be stilled and its service to mankind discontinued.



"APPARENTLY I WAS VERY SICK INDEED . . . (BUT) AT CAMP I. I QUICKLY RECOVERED FROM MY ILLS": SIR EDMUND HILLARY, ON A STRETCHER, ON HIS WAY BACK TO THE BASE CAMP.

THE various rumours about the ill-health of Sir Edmund Hillary were cleared by his own report of May 30, when he wrote: "Apparently I was very sick indeed—a combination of shortage of oxygen, extreme dehydration and perhaps malaria. For three days Sherpas carried the stretcher . . . and I have never seen men work as hard. . . . At Camp I. I quickly recovered from my ills." The expedition's surveyor, Mr. J. MacFarlane, who is suffering badly from frostbite contracted during his accident, was loaded on a chair improvised from a packing-case and carried by one man by means of a head-band; and a party consisting of Sir Edmund Hillary, MacFarlane, Ball and Wilkins, with three Sherpas and twenty-three porters, began the slow trek back to Joghani. The average day's march was expected to be about six miles; and on June 9 a correspondent wrote: "Hillary was walking, but although the Sherpas obviously believe that he has supernatural powers, it is unlikely that he could move faster in his present weakened condition." Concerning MacFarlane, the report said: "He had a good chance of recovering from the frostbite without permanent injury."



"YESTERDAY WE LOADED MACFARLANE INTO A SEAT WE HAD MADE FROM PACKING-CASES": A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE LONG TREK BACK TO JOGBANI. THE INJURED CLIMBER WAS CARRIED BY ONE MAN AT A TIME IN TWENTY-MINUTE SPELLS.

CASUALTIES OF THE N.Z. HIMALAYAN EXPEDITION: SIR EDMUND HILLARY AND MACFARLANE DURING THE SLOW RETURN TO JOGBANI.

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RIOTS IN COLOMBIA; WORLD ITEMS; AND AN ECHO OF THE SUBMARINE WAR.



CASUALTIES LYING IN THE STREETS OF BOGOTA, CAPITAL OF COLOMBIA, AFTER THE TROOPS (RIGHT) HAD FIRED INTO A CROWD OF DEMONSTRATORS.

On June 10 demonstrations by students of Bogota University, Colombia, which included a ceremony in honour of a student killed twenty-five years ago, reached a point at which troops fired into the crowd, killing, it is reported, at least twelve persons. It is claimed that the riots were Communist-inspired.



SOME LYING SHOT, SOME FALLING TO COVER, BUT THE GREATER PART RUNNING AS THE TROOPS BEGAN TO FIRE: THE BREAK-UP OF A STUDENT DEMONSTRATION IN COLOMBIA.



A LARGE CROWD, AND TWO HELICOPTERS, WATCHING THE FIRST CIRCUIT OF THE 24-HOUR GRAND PRIX D'ENDURANCE AT LE MANS. IT WAS WON BY A FERRARI.

The 24-hour Grand Prix d'Endurance at Le Mans began on June 11 and was won in an exciting finish by Genzales and Trintignant in a 4.9-litre Ferrari, travelling 2523.9 miles at an average speed of 105.1 m.p.h. and creating a new lap record of 117.5 m.p.h. Second was a British 3.4-litre Jaguar, driven by Rolt and Hamilton, which covered 2521.3 miles; and third, an American 5.4-litre Cunningham, driven by Spear and Johnson. The only team to finish were the three British Bristols 7th, 8th, 9th.



CLOSED AND "WITH IT THE ORGANISED CHRISTIAN LIFE OF STEEPLE VILLAGE": THE CENTURIES-OLD LITTLE GREY CHURCH OF STEEPLE, BENEATH THE PURBECK HILLS. Writing on "Our Note Book" page in this issue, Dr. Arthur Bryant describes the plight of the little church at Steeple, which was closed about a year ago when its roof timbers were found to be dangerously infected by death-watch beetle. The church will have to remain closed until further help is forthcoming.



"STORMSPY," AN AMERICAN RADAR DEVICE FOR LOCATING STORMS. THE SET, WHICH WAS FIRST PUBLICLY DEMONSTRATED ON JUNE 9, IS SAID TO BE SO SENSITIVE AS TO DISTINGUISH BETWEEN HAILSTORMS AND SQUALLS OF RAIN.



A GERMAN U-BOAT AT DETROIT: THE U-505, WHICH WAS CAPTURED DURING THE WAR, EN ROUTE TO CHICAGO, WHERE IT IS TO BE PRESERVED IN A MUSEUM.

As we reported in our issue of March 20, the German submarine U-505, which was captured after depth-charging by the U.S.S. *Guadalcanal*, is to be preserved in the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry. It is here shown approaching the Naval Armoury at Detroit on June 11, en route for Chicago.



(ABOVE.) LEAVING THE WEST DOOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL AFTER THE INSTALLATION SERVICE: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH. ON THE LEFT ARE QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER; THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER; THE EARL OF HALIFAX (HOLDING HIS PLUMED HAT), AND SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL.

(BELOW.) IN PROCESSION TO ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WHERE HE WAS INSTALLED AS A KNIGHT COMPANION OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, WEARING THE FULL REGALIA OF THE ORDER.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL INSTALLED AS A KNIGHT OF THE GARTER: COLOURFUL CEREMONIES AT WINDSOR.

On Monday, June 14, the Queen attended the first Garter Service of her reign at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, when the Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill, was installed with traditional ceremony as a Knight Companion of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, the oldest and most exclusive Order of Chivalry in the world. The sun was shining as the colourful Garter procession made its way to the Chapel. After the Knights followed the Prelate and

Chancellor, and then her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, their mantles borne by pages. The Queen was conducted to the Sovereign's stall and after the National Anthem her Majesty commanded: "It is our pleasure that the Knight Companion be installed," and Garter King-of-Arms conducted Sir Winston to his stall. The service, which lasted half an hour, was watched by the Duke of Cornwall and other members of the Royal family.

THE relations between Greece and Yugoslavia have completed the circle. The two countries have a long history of friendship and military alliance. Within thirty years their forces were ranged together in battle in four wars: First Balkan, Second Balkan, First World War, Second World War. The frontier quarrels which are a feature of the Balkans affected them little, if at all.

They appeared to be natural allies, because there seemed to be no possibility of serious differences of opinion between them arising. The Communisation of Yugoslavia altered the situation at the end of the Second World War. That country became the principal haven and base of the Greek Communist rebels, who brought a considerable proportion of their own country under their control, intermittently ravaged other areas, and were subdued only after a series of arduous and costly campaigns. They were subdued, too, only after Yugoslavia had ceased to afford them support because she had ceased to be a Russian satellite. This was an important factor in the Greek victory over the "bandits," because they had certainly benefited from the open frontier of Yugoslavia as much as from those of Bulgaria and Albania combined.

International affairs have their cynical side, and it appears to have become more prominent than ever in recent years. Yugoslavia did not resign from the Russian bloc, but was expelled from it for the crime of hankering after a nationalist form of Communism. She pleaded for reinstatement. Moreover, there does not seem to have been, initially, at all events, any urging from Soviet Russia to intervene in the affairs of Greece, as we naturally believed at the time. On the contrary, we chance to know from some correspondence published not long afterwards that Stalin expressed disapproval of this intervention. None the less, there seems no reason to believe that Marshal Tito is to-day in any sense insincere in his conversion to friendship for Greece. The interests of Yugoslavia, Greece and Turkey have now become similar from the point of view of international politics and strategy.

So, on June 6 Marshal Tito returned to his own country after a brilliant five-day State visit to Greece, travelling from Salonika by the railway which until a short time ago had been blocked since the war. Yugoslavia, Greece and Turkey were already united by a treaty of friendship. Before the distinguished visitor left Greece a joint statement was issued that they intended to supplement this treaty by a military alliance. Their Foreign Ministers will hold their next annual meeting in Belgrade, and will there sign the military alliance if the documents are by then fully prepared. It was at once noted by foreign journalists that no indication had been given as to when this meeting of the Foreign Ministers would take place. The quick-minded or well-informed concluded that the vagueness on this important point was not due to any belief that there would be difficulty in framing the terms, but to the desire to watch certain external events a little longer first. The outside consideration is, of course, the future of Trieste.

The whole business had its delicate side for the Greek Government. Greece—and for that matter Turkey also—are members of N.A.T.O. So also is Italy. The conflict over Trieste is a conflict between Yugoslavia and Italy. It is therefore to be supposed that Greece was prepared to wait for further negotiations on the subject before signing a military alliance. Unfortunately, Trieste is one of those long-enduring problems left by the war, one of the toughest. It has shown no more sign of being solved than those of the division of Germany, Austria, Korea or the City of Berlin. It has now lasted for just on nine years. Supposing, therefore, that Greece considers a military alliance with Yugoslavia an important factor in her security, it would be almost impossible to ask her to hold up her signature until the question of Trieste had been settled. On the other hand, that superlative diplomatist Marshal Tito will surely have scored a triumph if he walks off with a Yugoslav-Græco-Turkish military pact in his pocket and goes to stand over Trieste in an attitude as inflexible as before.

Greece became allied to Italy on becoming a member of N.A.T.O. Obviously, the military alliance between the three Balkan Powers will be confined to matters affecting their interests in common: in plain words, the threat which is represented by Russian Communism and its inroads into the Balkans. Nevertheless, its conclusion will strengthen Yugoslavia in other ways. It will enhance her prestige. It will lighten the load which defence from the east and north

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. BALKAN ALLIANCE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

has imposed upon her. Already Marshal Tito has commented unfavourably on Italian policy with respect to Trieste. He has gone out of his way to tell his people of his assurance that the military alliance will be concluded shortly, whereas no statement to this effect has come from the Greek side. I am far from criticising the project of alliance, which is natural and desirable from the point of view of Britain and of N.A.T.O., and greatly strengthens the Balkan flank. Were it the case, which I do not pretend to know, that we had suggested to Greece postponement of the signing of the military alliance until a settlement of the Trieste question had been reached, I do not think Greece could be reproached for finding this unreasonable, because such a settlement might take a matter of years.

At the same time I have an uneasy feeling that a Trieste settlement may not have been brought nearer

While Marshal Tito was visiting Greece the United States Government was agreeing to the request of Turkey that military aid should be increased. (Incidentally it would seem that any extra which is to go to Turkey will involve a cut for some other country.) Any measure which strengthens the capacity of Turkey to resist aggression must be welcome to Britain. Turkey has passed through a difficult and dangerous time. After the war she was faced with propaganda in favour of what would have amounted to Russian control of the Dardanelles and threats to her eastern frontier bordering on the Soviet Republics of Georgia and Armenia. That died down because the cold-war offensive was transferred from Europe to Asia, but it might at any time be renewed. Each further weapon or piece of equipment put into her hands strengthens the defence of the Dardanelles, increases the cover in front of the Middle East, and reinforces her links with her friends, from Greece to the west to Iraq to the east.

If we look back to the state of this part of the world a couple of years after the war we shall be astonished to find how vastly it has improved. Then virtually no defence whatever existed. Now it is nearly as strong as financial prudence permits. The appearance of the American "flat-tops" in Mediterranean waters was one beneficial influence. Unfortunately, the rear is by no means as solid as the front. The Suez Canal Zone question has not been settled and the hostility between the Arab States and Israel—neither of which favours Communism or Russian infiltration—is as acute as at any time since Israel came into being. As I have remarked, Russia's most recent aim has been the encouragement of China, the fostering of the revolt against France in Indo-China, and the spread of Communist power and influence in the Asiatic continent generally. There is no immediate reason for her to look elsewhere, because she has achieved so large a measure of success there. It is, however, desirable that the gaps in the Middle East should be as far as possible stopped before she decides to switch the main pressure to that region.

I have written on these matters rather than on the Geneva Conference because up to the end of the first week of June the latter was clearly marking time. There would seem to have been a *mot d'ordre* that this should be done in a way more or less seemly and without the offensiveness which has marked many other conferences, notably that of the Palais Rose. Perhaps it was felt that a continuance of the old-style vituperation would lead the Western delegates to close down the conference. If my interpretation is right, an early ending would not have suited the Communist group. They arrived with the knowledge that a resounding military victory in Indo-China was at hand and hoping for more. So far only a couple of small successes have been added to that of Dien Bien Phu, but news of another big one might come at any time. They are obviously the best judges of when it is likely to come. From that point of view their relative moderation in discussion may be a bad sign. If they see the chance of another victory so important as to affect the general strategic situation seriously, their obvious line would be to keep the Conference going until the victory was achieved and then to step up ambitions for an armistice, and still more those for a settlement.

One interesting feature of world affairs while the Balkan alliance was being prepared and the Geneva Conference was engaged in discussions leading nowhere was some sign that India was reflecting over her policy of complete neutrality and was beginning to take note of the threat, not of Russian arms, but of Communist infiltration, affecting herself. I never care to speculate about future Russian policy, but if I were forced to make a guess what the next line would be I should plump for an intensification of the Communist campaign in the great cities of India. The most rapid progress made anywhere by Communism has been made in Asia, and here the soil is not unfavourable. Mr. Nehru is said to be worried on this score. It seems very natural that he should be, but, if the story be true, he has taken rather a long time to discover who are his real friends. There are some observers who consider that he may have taken too long and that India is going to be severely tried by the Communist menace within the next generation at longest. Welfare, has been the admirable answer of Mr. Nehru. But the policy of sitting in contemplation half-way between the Communist and anti-Communist worlds may not be the best accompaniment.



MARSHAL TITO'S VISIT TO GREECE: QUEEN FREDERIKA OF THE HELLENES DISPLAYING A KEEN INTEREST IN ONE OF THE ORDERS WORN BY THE YUGOSLAV ELLENES DURING A FAREWELL RECEPTION HELD IN THE YUGOSLAV EMBASSY IN ATHENS.

Marshal Tito returned to Belgrade on June 6 after a five-day State visit to Greece which clearly strengthened post-war relations between the two nations. A joint statement was issued before Marshal Tito left Athens, reaffirming the decision of Greece, Turkey and Yugoslavia to supplement their treaty of friendship with a military alliance. In his article on this page Captain Falls discusses the significance of this Balkan alliance and its possible effects on the Trieste problem. Captain Falls says that the future of negotiations over Trieste "will provide a test as to whether the Marshal is a great statesman or only a great opportunist."

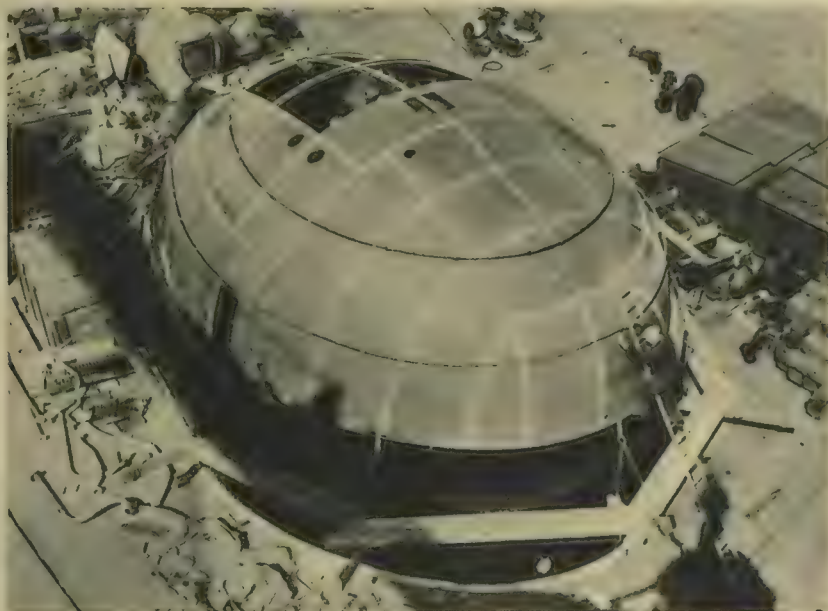
by the closer association of Yugoslavia with the Western world. On the whole, it has appeared to us that the attitude of Italy on the subject has been more promising than that of Yugoslavia. I am by no means sure that any form of bargain with the latter would have been possible, because Marshal Tito might have decided to let the Balkan military alliance drop rather than yield any ground over Trieste. Valuable as the alliance will be to him, he might have decided to bank on the probability that, in the event of war, he would, in any case, get aid from N.A.T.O. At all events, the future of negotiations over Trieste, which have been going on quietly on the lines of "old-fashioned" diplomacy, will provide a test as to whether the Marshal is a great statesman or only a great opportunist. If he is the former, he will recognise that in the long run it will pay him best to exercise moderation in effecting an honourable Trieste settlement. If not, he will seek to exploit his success in entering the new military alliance.

sign that India was reflecting over her policy of complete neutrality and was beginning to take note of the threat, not of Russian arms, but of Communist infiltration, affecting herself. I never care to speculate about future Russian policy, but if I were forced to make a guess what the next line would be I should plump for an intensification of the Communist campaign in the great cities of India. The most rapid progress made anywhere by Communism has been made in Asia, and here the soil is not unfavourable. Mr. Nehru is said to be worried on this score. It seems very natural that he should be, but, if the story be true, he has taken rather a long time to discover who are his real friends. There are some observers who consider that he may have taken too long and that India is going to be severely tried by the Communist menace within the next generation at longest. Welfare, has been the admirable answer of Mr. Nehru. But the policy of sitting in contemplation half-way between the Communist and anti-Communist worlds may not be the best accompaniment.



THE STRANGE DOMED FUNNEL-TOP OF THE NEW CUNARDER *SAXONIA* BEING LOWERED INTO POSITION IN THE CLYDEBANK SHIPYARD OF MESSRS. JOHN BROWN & CO.

INNOVATIONS MARINE AND AERONAUTICAL, THE OLDEST GAS-HOLDER, ZOO WALL-PAINTINGS.



THE ALUMINIUM-SURFACED FUNNEL-TOP—A UNIQUE FEATURE FOR A CUNARDER—LYING ON THE QUAYSIDE AT CLYDEBANK BEFORE BEING FITTED TO *SAXONIA*'S FUNNEL.

The Cunarder *Saxonia*, the first of three 22,000-ton liners ordered for service between Britain and Canada and designed to ascend as far as Montreal, was named and launched by Lady Churchill in February. In addition to her strange funnel, she is the first Cunarder to have stabilising fins.

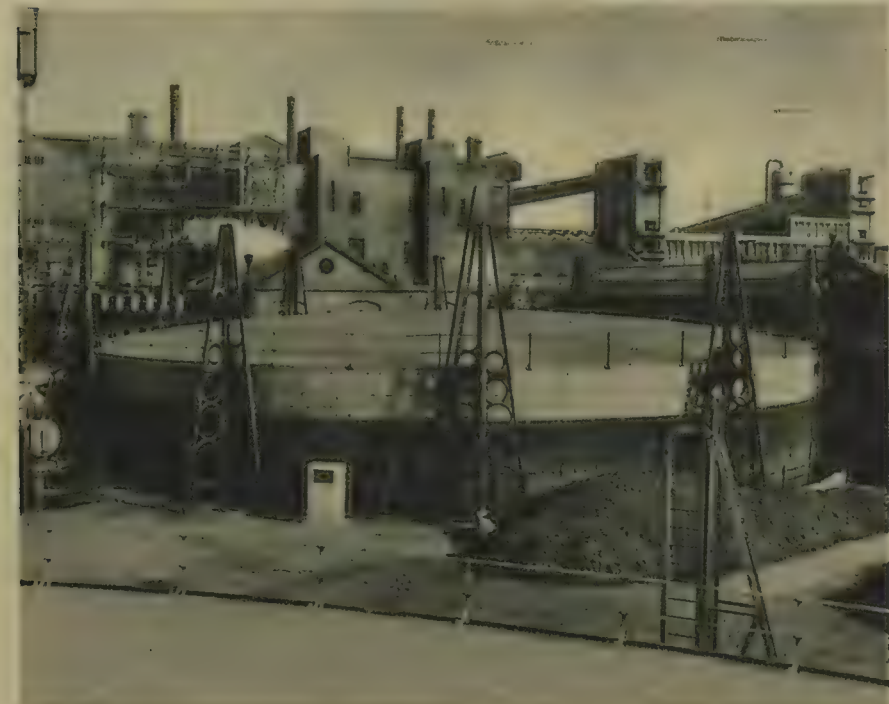


THE AMERICAN PILOTLESS BOMBER, THE B-61 MARTIN *MATADOR*, TAKING OFF, WITH ROCKET ASSISTANCE, FROM ITS MOBILE LAUNCHING PLATFORM.



THE COMPONENT PARTS OF THE MARTIN *MATADOR*, WHICH TRAVELS TO ITS LAUNCHING POINT IN SEVEN PACKING-CASES AND IS ONLY ASSEMBLED WHEN REQUIRED FOR USE.

The U.S. Air Force Martin *Matador*, which is already in service with training squadrons in Germany, has been produced in quantity by revolutionary techniques. It is assembled at the field, and all its parts are completely interchangeable. The nose, wing, centre section, aft tail, fin, bullet-fairing stabilisation and instrumentation are packed in seven crates. It has a jet engine, with rocket-assisted take-off, and is launched from a small transportable platform. It has the cruising speed of a jet fighter and dives to its target under remote control at supersonic speed.



SCHEDULED AS A HISTORIC MONUMENT AND CLAIMED AS THE 'WORLD'S OLDEST WORKING GASOMETER': THE NO. 2 GAS-HOLDER AT SANDS END LANE, FULHAM.

When built in 1830, this gas-holder was the biggest in the world. It is still in going order and has recently been added by the Ministry of Housing and Local Government to the list of historic monuments in Fulham. When inspected six years ago, it was found to be in perfect condition.



THE BEASTS OF MAGDALENIAN MAN JOIN THE STRENGTH OF THE ZOO: WALL-PAINTINGS OF LASCAUX REPRODUCED ON THE NEW TUNNEL OF THE REGENT'S PARK ZOO.

On June 11 the French Ambassador, M. René Massigli (left), opened the exhibition of paintings on the walls of the new tunnel connecting the Main and Middle Gardens of the Zoo. These are copies of wall-paintings discovered in the Lascaux Caves and are the work of pupils of the Royal Academy of Arts School.

CROMWELL'S CHAPLAIN—ZEALOT AND PARADOX.

"THE STRENUOUS PURITAN. HUGH PETER, 1598—1660"; By RAYMOND PHINEAS STEARNS.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

A FEW weeks ago I reviewed here a book about Cromwell's Generals, who included some notably confident zealots. Here is another book about another of those self-canonised Saints: Hugh Peter, who was, for a time, Cromwell's Chaplain. At first sight it seemed odd that such an enormous book on such a theme should be produced by a Professor in the University of Illinois, and published by his University Press. The reason becomes apparent when one learns how great a part, for several years, Peter took in the politics (there, and then, politics and religion were much the same thing) of the young New England Colonies, and how considerable a figure he cuts in early American history.

His surname is usually given as "Peters"; so it usually was in his own day, so it is in my handy Biographical Dictionary; so it is on a quite recent memorial in New England. The public have an incurable habit of putting an "s" on the end of certain surnames: anyone bearing the name of Wood, or Brooke, or my own name, will ruefully attest to this; in the course of centuries many bearers of such names have surrendered to the plural, either out of ignorance, or because of inability to resist any more. However, Cromwell's Chaplain could have had no sound reason to complain. For just as Cromwell's surname, in tail male, was really Williams, so Peter's was "Dickwoode," his immediate forbears being Flemings who had left the Low Countries for Cornwall either because of religious persecution, or for commercial reasons, or on account of the mixture of the two. However, Hugh Peter's grandfather married a local girl, Alice Penhale, at Fowey, and his father married a Treffey; so that he was three-quarters Cornish. He went to school somewhere—nobody is quite certain where—and then proceeded to Cambridge, where he got into a nest of Puritans. He took his degree; was ordained; obtained a curacy in Essex; and married a rich widow, with a large family. Before long he was preaching unorthodox sermons to vast audiences in London; attacking "Popery" and saying that the Queen (because she was a Catholic) was damned. He became so impossible that in the end he had to migrate to Holland, where he preached to the numerous English churches there as a "Non-Separatist Congregationalist" (the word "Independent" is usually used for Congregationalist, at that time); in other words, a maggot inside the nut of the Church of England, whose ambition was—for Prayer-Book and traditional rites were discarded—to transform the Church by remaining within it: "sabotage" and "Fifth-Columnism" are the modern words.

Peter was strong; he could be eloquent; he could play, in the cause of zealotry, the buffoon. He was driven to America, where he was a stormy petrel as usual. He returned to England, and then he was really in his element. He poured forth sermons and pamphlets; he toured the country, speaking for candidates for a packed House of Commons; he became Cromwell's Chaplain and, ultimately, Colonel of a Regiment. It doesn't seem that he ever led his regiment in action: though, to do him justice, had he been called upon so to do he would probably have led it as courageously as any Prince-Bishop of Durham in the Middle Ages. The sword he did not use; his voice, and his pen were to be observed everywhere.

He was in Ireland. "Cromwell stormed the town, and there followed the first of his revolting massacres of the Papists. As soon as Hugh Peter heard of the victory, he dispatched word to Parliament. His letter dashed the Royalists' hopes to the ground, but it created much joy in the ranks of the saints, both because of the news it imparted and because of its laconic brevity:

SIR,

The truth is Tredagh is taken.

Three thousand five hundred fifty and two of the Enemies slain, and sixty four of ours.

Colonel Castles, and Captain Simmons of note.

Ashton, the Governor killed, none spared . . .

I come now from giving thanks in the great Church."

APPOINTED TO THE COMPANIONSHIP OF HONOUR: MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.



HONOURED IN RECOGNITION OF HIS SERVICES TO LITERATURE: MR. W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, THE DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR AND DRAMATIST, WHO CELEBRATED HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY IN JANUARY LAST.

Innumerable admirers of the works of Mr. William Somerset Maugham, the eighty-year-old author and dramatist, learnt with pleasure of the distinction conferred on him by his appointment, in the Queen's Birthday Honours List, to the Companionship of Honour. Mr. Somerset Maugham is the last survivor of a group of great twentieth-century novelists, and his literary career extends over a long period. He started his adult education as a medical student at St. Thomas's Hospital and his literary career with "Liza of Lambeth," which was published in 1897. Since then he has written a great many novels and plays and, in 1952, a collection of six of his essays was published under the title, "The Vagrant Mood." For some years Mr. Maugham has made his home at Cap Ferrat, in France.

Portrait study by Karsh of Ottawa.

That was one up to the Saints. Another triumph occurred after the stubborn defence of Basing House by the aged Marquess of Winchester, a Catholic and a loyal servant of his King. The place was furiously bombarded; a breach was made and the Castle was stormed. "At the sight of Catholic priests within the walls the soldiers became furious. Not even women were spared. One, the daughter of a notorious Royalist, was killed by a soldier after she protested against the ill-usage accorded her father. Hugh Peter's account of the treatment of women would be humorous were it not for the tragedy involved. '8 or 9 Gentlewomen of ranke runing forth together were entertained by the common souldiers somewhat courselly, yet not uncivilly, they left them with some clothes upon them.'" How kind of the Saints.

Peter was dead set on one thing: the victory of his own set of Saints. When Pride's Purge occurred

he forgot all about the so-called Parliamentary cause and said, in a sermon, "that in the whole Book of God he findes not any text of *priviledge of Parliament*, which indeed came in with the conquest"—as though the British Constitution or the House of Commons could have been predicted by Malachi or Hosea. And when the Congregationalist Army (or, rather, its influential minority and its generals) demanded the death of the King, he, like Cromwell, changed his mind and thought that the voice of the Army was the voice of God. He is alleged to have pestered the aged Laud all the way to the scaffold.

I shall never read this book again; and whenever I come across Hugh Peter's name I shall quail with repulsion. But I must, and am glad to, admit that Professor Stearns has done his job superbly. Had he worked upon it for twenty years in England he couldn't have done it more thoroughly. He is not only versed in all the literature, periodical and other, of the time, but has delved into the obscurest local records and Transactions of our own West Country. And not only does he exhibit the thoroughness of a conscientious researcher, but he has the honesty of a real historian. He is interested in these people and in their period. He relates them to their period: when, for instance, he tells us how Hugh Peter begged an army on the march to pause for a day to destroy Stonehenge, he is careful to explain that people at that time were not interested in Pre-History, and that Peter, who couldn't conceive how precious a document those megaliths would be to us, merely wished the destruction of an idolatrous monument. When a due is due to the Devil he gives the Devil his due. He is fair to all parties, never excusing brutalities, never cheating at all in order to maintain some argument in favour of one party or another. He lays the facts before us—and, I may add, in good and lively English—and we are to judge.

For myself, I am where I was before: painfully aware of the power of any fanatical gang of theorists, or merely unscrupulous climbers (the two are often associated) in the midst of an inert mass of mankind. The late Archbishop William Temple, during his regrettably brief tenure, tried to persuade people that the Nazis really meant what they said. Lenin had a very small, resolute minority behind him when he seized the Russian Revolution. The Giroudins much more nearly expressed the wishes of basic France than did the Jacobins; but the Jacobins got on top—though, admittedly, so high that they ultimately queued for the scaffold and Napoleon came in.

Our Civil War, with all the minutiae of which Professor Stearns is impressively familiar, began in a hesitating way. Compromise at the start was possible, had King Charles been of the compromising kind; and the early Parliamentary commanders were of a mild and gentlemanly type. The longer the struggle went on, the more the extremists and enthusiasts prevailed; and in the end their ferocious conceit brought them down, because England did not agree with them and was sick of them.

Hugh Peter went to Tyburn and was executed in the usual disgusting way. He doubtless died bravely, and with the conviction that every killing he had ever applauded was desired by God, and that by God his own execution would be revenged.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1062 of this issue.

* "The Strenuous Puritan: Hugh Peter, 1598—1660." By Raymond Phineas Stearns. Illustrated. (University of Illinois: \$7.50.)



IN UNIFORM AND ACCOMPANIED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN LEADING THE PROCESSION TO HORSE GUARDS PARADE FOR THE CEREMONY OF TROOPING THE COLOUR.

Military pageantry, historic interest and romance are combined in a unique manner in the ceremonial of the Birthday Parade and Trooping the Colour on her Majesty's official birthday. No wonder that thousands of loyal and enthusiastic citizens waited for hours in inclement weather along the Mall and round Horse Guards Parade to see the young Queen, in the uniform of Colonel of the Coldstream Guards, ride down the Mall. Her Majesty was accompanied by her

husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, and her uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, and was attended by General the Lord Jeffreys, Colonel, Grenadier Guards; General Sir Charles Loyd, Colonel, Coldstream Guards; Field-Marshal the Earl Alexander of Tunis, Colonel, Irish Guards; Major-General G. F. Johnson, Major-General Commanding the Household Brigade; and the Household Brigade Staff. The procession is shown about to enter Horse Guards Parade from the Mall.



THE SPLENDID SCENE ON HORSE GUARDS PARADE ON JUNE 10, OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY OF

The traditional ceremonial of the Birthday Parade and Trooping the Colour which marks the official birthday of the Sovereign, always carried out with superb precision, is one of the most splendid military pageants ever mounted. This year, owing to the number of units of the Brigade of Guards serving overseas, the normal seven or eight guards were reduced to five guards of three officers and seventy-six

other ranks. The Colour Troop was that of the 1st Bn. Coldstream Guards, and her Majesty wore the uniform of Colonel of the regiment, with the Garter Ribbon and Star on her tunic. In her tricorn hat was the red plume of the Coldstream. In our photograph she may be clearly distinguished in front of the Horse Guards arch, with, behind her, the Royal Dukes of Edinburgh and Gloucester.

THE QUEEN: HER MAJESTY (LEFT: MOUNTED) TAKING THE SALUTE AT THE MARCH-PAST.

mounted each on a grey police horse—that ridden by the Duke of Edinburgh bears the stirring name of *Alamein*. The Queen Mother, with the Royal children, the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne; and Princess Margaret, watched from a window balcony of the Horse Guards arch. Before turning her horse *Winston* to face the parade ground, her Majesty saluted her mother. After the ceremony

the procession returned to the Palace. A Royal birthday salute was fired by The King's Troop, R.H.A., in Hyde Park, and the greetings to her Majesty ended with a 62-gun salute fired by "B" Battery, 1st Regt., R.A.C., at the Tower as the jet fighters of the Royal Auxiliary Air Force, carrying out this duty for the first time, roared over the Palace in a ceremonial fly-past.

THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF D-DAY:
CEREMONIES ON NORMANDY BEACHES.



WHERE ALLIED FORCES LANDED TEN YEARS AGO: ARROMANCHES, IN NORMANDY. MEN FROM BRITAIN AND OTHER NATIONS WHO FOUGHT HERE ON D-DAY CAN BE SEEN AT A SERVICE.



UNDER THE GUN OF A SHERMAN TANK: VISITORS TO ARROMANCHES ON THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF D-DAY, LOOKING AT THE NEW WAR MUSEUM OPENED BY M. COTY.



TOURING THE NEW AMERICAN CEMETERY AT OMAHA BEACH TEN YEARS AFTER D-DAY: MR. CABOT LODGE (NEAREST CAMERA), PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE.



SHAKING HANDS WITH GENERAL GRUENTHER, SUPREME ALLIED COMMANDER, EUROPE: THE FRENCH PRESIDENT, M. COTY, DURING A CEREMONY AT OMAHA BEACH, NORMANDY, ON JUNE 6.



AT A CEREMONY AT HERMANVILLE, ATTENDED BY LOCAL FISHERMEN AND EX-SERVICEMEN: LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR L. WHISTLER, G.O.C. WESTERN COMMAND, AND ADMIRAL WEITZLER, WHO SANK HIS SHIP, COURBET, TO BLOCK THE HARBOUR, SEEN SALUTING.



A FRENCH HOUSE AT CARENTAN, ALONG THE NORMANDY LANDING BEACHES, IS DECORATED WITH RED, WHITE AND BLUE PARACHUTES TO MARK THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF D-DAY.

Official representatives of eight Allied nations, headed by the President of the French Republic, M. René Coty, spent two days on June 5 and 6 commemorating at different points along the Normandy beaches the tenth anniversary of the Allied landings in 1944. At Arromanches the President inaugurated the new Musée du Debarquement which has been formed there to mark the landings. Sir Gladwyn Jebb, British Ambassador to France, read a message from Sir Winston Churchill in which he sent greetings to the French people and paid special tribute to "the vital help contributed by those brave and devoted men,



BENEATH PICTURES OF HIS OLD ADVERSARIES, ROMMEL (LEFT) AND MODEL: FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY IN HIS WARTIME CARAVAN, NOW AT HIS HOME IN ALTON, HANTS.

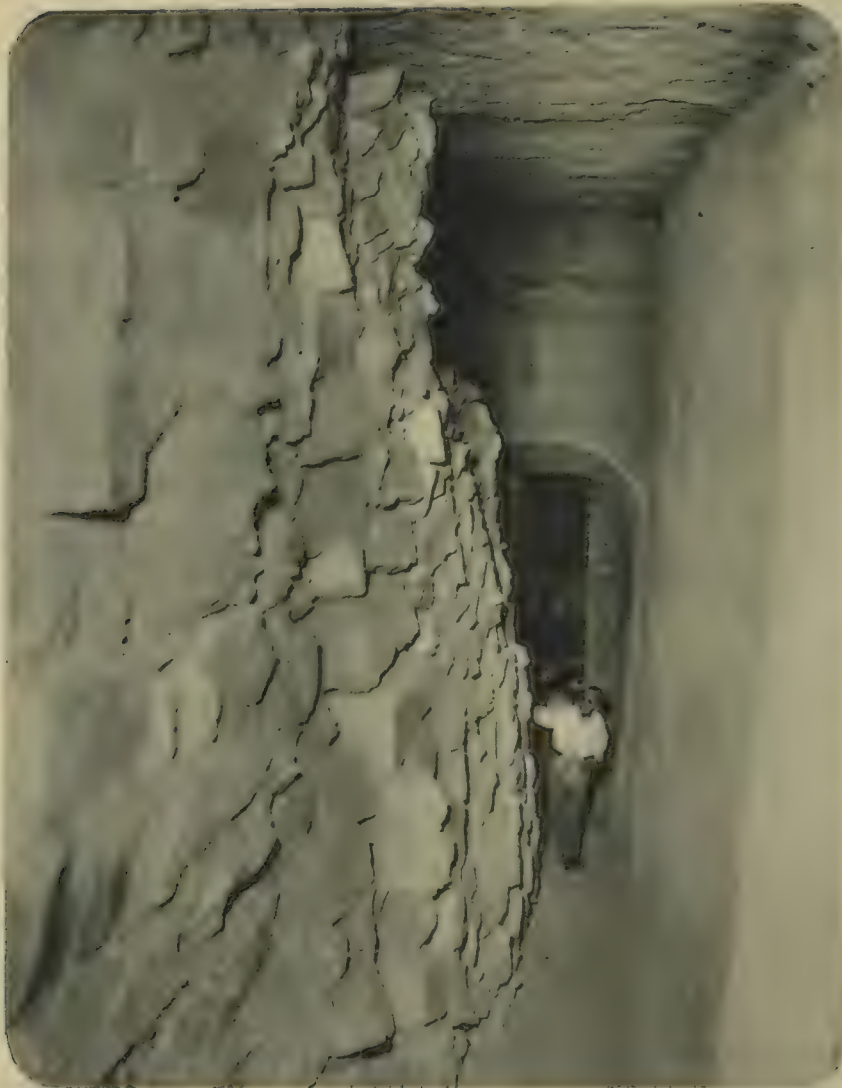
those units and groups of the Resistance working secretly, at the peril of their lives, with skill and daring to prepare the way for their compatriots and their allies." At the new American cemetery of St. Laurent-sur-Mer, above Omaha Beach, the President was greeted by Mr. Cabot Lodge, President Eisenhower's personal representative, and met General Gruenther, Allied Commander, Europe. During his tour of the beaches, M. Coty paid generous tribute to the war efforts of both Britain and the U.S.A. and concluded by expressing his gratitude for "the collaboration of the United States in the post-war renaissance of France."

THE QUEEN'S CONSORT: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN FULL DRESS UNIFORM AS COLONEL OF THE WELSH GUARDS (LEFT), AND AS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE QUEEN'S OWN CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.



THE Duke of Edinburgh celebrated his thirty-third birthday on June 10, which, this year, coincided with the Queen's official birthday. In the morning he was present with her Majesty at the ceremony of Trooping the Colour on Horse Guards Parade; he wore the uniform of Colonel of the Welsh Guards. Afterwards, with the Queen and the Royal children, he watched from the Palace balcony a fly-past by twenty-seven jet fighters from squadrons of the Royal Auxiliary Air Force. The crowd which gathered outside Buckingham Palace to cheer the Royal family gave the Duke of Edinburgh a special greeting. In the evening the Duke presided at the Welsh Guards Regimental Dinner, which was held at the Dorchester Hotel. With each year that passes the Duke adds to the fine record of public service which already stands to his credit, and to-day he occupies a unique position in the affections and regard of the people of Britain and the Commonwealth. (Portrait studies by Baron.)





THE APPROACH TO THE BURIAL CHAMBER. BEYOND THE 35-FT.-THICK STONE BLOCK (LEFT) CAN BE SEEN THE UNIQUE ROUNDED ARCH LEADING FIRST TO THE STORE-ROOMS.



STONE AND ALABASTER BOWLS DISCOVERED IN THE STORE-ROOMS NEAR THE CENTRAL CHAMBER OF THE PYRAMID, SOME OF SEVERAL THOUSAND DISCOVERED.

In our issue of June 7, 1952, we published photographs and a short note by Dr. Zakaria Goneim on his discovery of an unsuspected step pyramid at Sakkara. This was an unfinished pyramid, and was then associated with the name of Sanakht, the successor of Zoser; and the suggestion was then hazarded that it might contain an untouched burial. On March 20 this year we reported further progress in the excavations and the reaching of the approach to the tomb. On June 1 it was reported that the entrance to an untouched royal tomb had been reached; and on June 3 that Dr. Goneim had crawled into the burial chamber and found within an intact alabaster sarcophagus. On June 7 Dr. Mustapha Amar, Director-General

A UNIQUE INTACT ROYAL BURIAL 1500 YEARS BEFORE TUTANKHAMEN: THE SAKKARA FIND.



INSIDE THE UNTOUCHED TOMB CHAMBER: DR. GONEIM (LEFT) KNEELING BESIDE THE ALABASTER SARCOPHAGUS. THE CHAMBER IS STRANGELY UNFINISHED AND UNADORNED.



WHAT DOES IT CONTAIN? THE FIRST SIGHT OF THE SARCOPHAGUS, WHICH WAS EXPECTED TO HOLD THE SPLENDID MUMMY OF A THIRD DYNASTY KING.

of the Department of Antiquities, confirmed the discovery of this sarcophagus and gave its measurements as 7 ft. 9½ ins. (2.37 metres) long, 3 ft. 8 ⅞ ins. (1.14 metres) broad and 3 ft. 6½ ins. (1.08 metres) high. He indicated that it was unique in having a sliding panel at the head instead of a lid; and stressed the importance of this discovery of the first intact tomb of the Old Kingdom, some 1500 years before Tutankhamen. Meanwhile, the approach passages were being strengthened and, at the date of writing, it was expected that the opening of the sarcophagus would shortly take place. On June 9 it was announced that a box of jewellery, of gold and precious stones, had been found outside the chamber.

A UNIQUE DISCOVERY: AN INTACT 5000-YEAR-OLD FUNERARY BOAT OF CHEOPS.



AMAZINGLY PRESERVED AFTER 5000 YEARS: ONE OF THE FUNERARY BOATS OF CHEOPS, LOOKING TOWARDS THE BOW AND PHOTOGRAPHED THROUGH THE SINGLE HOLE MADE IN THE ROOF OF THE ROCK-CUT TROUGH. THE WOODWORK, REED MATTING AND CANOPY APPEAR TO BE ALMOST PERFECTLY PRESERVED.

On June 7, at Cairo, three major Egyptological discoveries were announced by Dr. Mustapha Amar, the Director-General of the Department of Antiquities. Of one of these—an extension to the temple of Seti I. at Abydos—nothing has yet been released; of the intact royal burial discovered in the unfinished step pyramid at Sakkara, we report the latest information at the date of writing on page 1044; and of the third discovery, that of the royal funerary boats at Giza, we reproduce here two remarkable photographs. This last discovery was reported on May 27. It had been decided to clear ground to the south of the Great Pyramid of Cheops to allow the free movement of visitors and the work had been entrusted to Zaki Nour, one of the departmental directors, with Kamel al Malakh in charge of works. While a wall parallel with the face of the pyramid was being cleared, two rows of limestone blocks were discovered, one consisting of 41 blocks, the other of 42, each



LOOKING TOWARDS THE STERN OF THE FUNERARY BOAT OF CHEOPS AND SHOWING AN OAR WITH A 4-FT. BLADE. THE BOAT IS STATED TO BE ABOUT 120 FT. LONG; AND IT IS HOPED TO CONTAIN FUNERARY FURNITURE AND PERHAPS SOME STATUARY. IT IS BELIEVED THAT THE OTHER UNDERGROUND TROUGH CONTAINS A SIMILAR BOAT.

block being of about 18-20 tons. One block was bored and beneath was seen a virtually intact wooden funerary boat. The two photographs above show what can be seen each way from this hole. The boat is lying in a rock-cut trough; and it is assumed that the other row of blocks covers another boat. This is a discovery of the greatest importance. Such troughs are well known: there are three others near the Great Pyramid and five beside the Pyramid of Cephren; but never before have intact boats been found. In our issue of June 5 a reconstruction drawing of the Great Pyramid in its pristine splendour showed the nature and location of three of the total five of such funerary boats. It is expected that a considerable time will elapse before the troughs are opened, since the task of preserving the wood will be one of great technical difficulty. It has been stated that a museum to house the boats will be built on the site.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

ONE of the jolliest things flowering in my garden just now is a clump of *Polygonum bistorta superbum*.

The ordinary *Polygonum bistorta*, or Snakeweed, is a

most attractive British wild flower, found rather locally, usually in dampish meadows in the North of England and in southern Scotland.

In the Alps, too, it is often very abundant in the gaily-flowered hayfields, when its dense, cylindrical, 2-in. spikes of small pink blossoms on 2-ft. stems give the effect almost of a rosy ground-mist.

Polygonum bistorta superbum is presumably a superior form of the wild Snakeweed, discovered and collected by some fortunate and observant plantsman somewhere, and at some time in the past. And so, with "superbum" tacked on, it took its place in cultivation among hardy herbaceous perennials. For those who dislike too large mouthfuls of Latin, I suggest the more homely name, Super-Snakeweed. I have known the Super-Snakeweed for a great many years, meeting it in various gardens from time to time, but never having grown it myself until a neighbour gave me a few roots a couple of years ago, with a warning that it was "a terrible spreader."

That is true, of course, of a great many of the Polygonums, but Super-Snakeweed does not share the worst sin of the wickedest members of the family—the trick of plunging deep into the soil and then erupting violently all over the place. *Polygonum bistorta superbum* spreads snake-wise, upon its belly, on the surface of the soil. The roots that I planted in a mixed flower border two years ago have joined up into a most satisfactory and free-flowering clump, but the clump has not spread out of bounds or become any sort of a nuisance. If it should get out of hand,

it would be an easy matter to keep it in order, and if and when surplus roots are available I shall try the experiment of growing them planted out in rough grass to grow as is the habit of the ordinary wild Snakeweed. Meanwhile, my patch makes a delightful and effective show of clear, pure rose-pink in the garden, and has proved a first-rate cut flower. The stems grow up to a height of 2 and 3 ft., and the flower spikes vary from 2 to 3 ins. long. The plant has the virtue of a very long-flowering season. It started here this year towards the end of May, and I remember that last year it carried on well into late summer.

Polygonum affine, known also as *P. brunonis*, is a most useful and attractive plant for the rock-garden, the wall garden or for the front edging of the herbaceous border. A trailing plant, rooting as it goes, it soon forms wide mats of foliage, which produce an almost endless succession of pink flower spikes on 9- to 12-in. stems. Opening rose-pink, the flowers fade to crimson, and are delightful for picking. In autumn the rugs of foliage turn to a cheerful rusty-red, or auburn, and make effective patches of warm colour all winter. *Polygonum affine* is not a plant for the small rock-garden, as a single specimen will soon cover a couple of feet or more of territory, and it is most effective when it can be allowed to spread itself

SUPER-SNAKEWEED.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

to a reasonable extent. It is easily restrained, however, being a surface rooter, but the wisest policy is to plant it where little or no restraint will be necessary.

Of all the dwarf Polygonums, however, *Polygonum vaccinifolium* is surely the most attractive. A close carpeter, it hugs the ground with a close pile of smaller, neater leaves than those of *Polygonum affine*. The plant flowers in late summer, September and October, producing myriads of slender, graceful, tapered spikes of rose-pink blossom, 4 or 5 or perhaps 6 ins. high. It is essentially a plant for the rock-garden, or for

plants that I bought in when I started my Six Hills Nursery, having been told of it as an almost sacred treasure, as beautiful and desirable as it was rare.

Rare it certainly was, and took a lot of finding, and then a lot of cash to secure the three specimens, which were all that the vendor could spare. Those three were all that I ever possessed. At first we fussed and cosseted them. No use. Sulkily, grudgingly, they lived, as rather congested small clumps, which produced a few rather coarse and undistinguished dock-like leaves, and spikes of crimson flowers of no especial beauty. They never increased, and they produced no seeds. For years they drifted about the nursery, living upon their reputation for extreme beauty and variety, until at long last I tumbled to the fact that *Polygonum sphaerostachyum* was nothing but an impostor. I forget what steps I then took, except that they were appropriate. From then on the plant was not merely rare. It became extinct as far as I was concerned.

Many gardeners will remember the furore that the sudden introduction of *Polygonum baldschuanicum* made. I forget exactly when it was. Somewhere in the early 1920's perhaps. For a while it must have been a best-seller, and certainly it proved a remarkable climber. But I suspect that there was another factor in its favour—its impressive name. It is a curious thing that although the gardening public pretend to fight shy of the Latin names of plants, they do love to get their teeth into a really dramatic and impressive specimen such as *Polygonum baldschuanicum*, and roll it out on every possible occasion. In fact, I'm not sure that they do not sometimes buy such a plant purely for the sake of saying to their friend, "Do come and see my *Polygonum baldschuanicum* or my *Metasequoia glyptostroboides*." In fact, *Metasequoia* seems to have become a highly infectious society catch-word. If no authentic specimen is handy—no matter. You just point to the nearest larch tree and ask, "Is that a *Metasequoia glyptostroboides*, or is it a *Taxodium distichum*?"

But, names apart, *Polygonum baldschuanicum* is an uncommonly good climber. If you have a house or any other building that is so hideous that you just can not bear to look at it, all you need do is to plant a specimen of *P. baldschuanicum*, and promptly it will draw a veil over the whole horror. I have seen it recommended for planting to climb into a yew-tree. Perish the thought! Its best use is for covering the ugly with a white foam of beauty, not for dolling-up ancient dignity. One of its greatest virtues is that it flourishes in London.

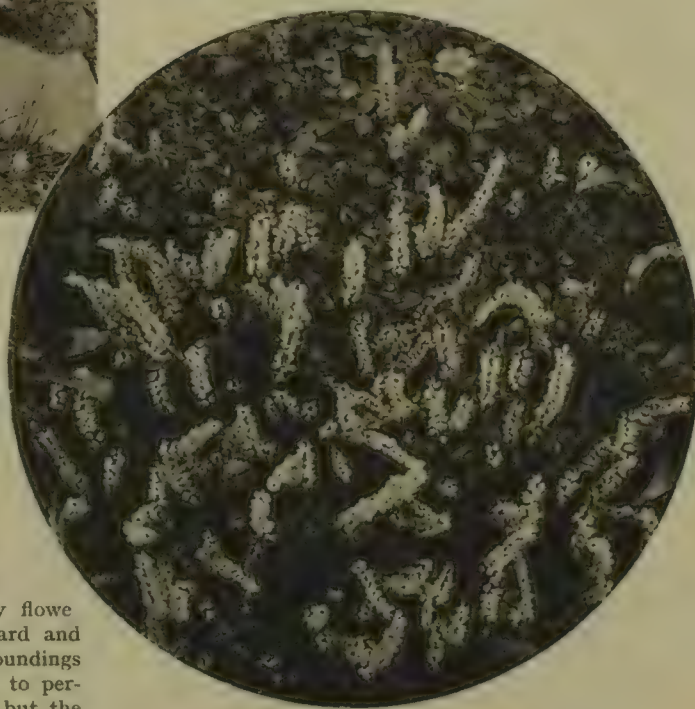


"IT IS ESSENTIALLY A PLANT FOR THE ROCK-GARDEN, OR FOR PLANTING IN THE WALL GARDEN, IN SUCH A POSITION THAT IT CAN SPILL OVER THE UPPERMOST EDGE OF THE WALL AND GO CASCADING DOWN IN A ROSY CURTAIN."
POLYGONUM VACCINIFOLIUM IN FULL FLOWER.

planting in the wall garden, in such a position that it can spill over the uppermost edge of the wall and go cascading down in a rosy curtain.

The most effective planting of *Polygonum vaccinifolium* that I ever saw was in a Surrey rock-garden. In a well-raised position there was a sugar-loaf tump, about 3 ft. high, and perhaps 4 to 5 ft. across the base. The entire tump was covered with a close mantle of the Polygonum, and when I saw it, it was bristling with hundreds of the slender, rosy flower spikes. This planting may sound rather hard and artificial, but actually it fitted into its surroundings most comfortably, and showed off the plant to perfection. That was a great many years ago, but the picture made by the little tump, bristling with the slender, rosy spikes of *Polygonum vaccinifolium*, has remained with me, a most vivid small vignette of memory. It taught me how much more effective *vaccinifolium* is when mantling some raised slope or tump than when carpeting level ground. In any position, however, I consider it an absolutely first-rate plant.

Very different is *Polygonum sphaerostachyum*. This Himalayan species was among the first few dozen



A CLOSE-UP OF *POLYGONUM VACCINIFOLIUM* IN OCTOBER, SHOWING THE "SLENDER, GRACEFUL, TAPERED SPIKES OF ROSE-PINK BLOSSOM, 4 OR 5 OR PERHAPS 6 INS. HIGH."

Photographs by R. A. Malby and Co.

Although this climbing Polygonum—which, by the by, has been aptly nicknamed "a mile a minute"—was hailed as a new introduction only a few years ago, it originally came to this country in 1883.

*ERITRICHIUM NANUM.*

A beautiful and difficult rarity from the Col du Lautaret, France. "The foliage is soft and downy to give protection from the bitter cold and excessive evaporation, and each of the little blue flowers resembles a forget-me-not as it shivers in the breeze."

*NIGRITELLA RUBRA.*

"The Chocolate Orchid is well named, not only on account of its colour but also its smell. This, however, is a red variety, which was abundant at the Col du Galibier, France."

*GENTIANA ACAULIS.*

"I am always thrilled by the sight of a gentian. But here, at the Col du Galibier, where this was photographed, it is not the one or two cherished blooms which reward the gardener's patience. The ground is everywhere ablaze with dazzling blue."

*DIANTHUS NEGLECTUS.*

"This dainty plant is one of the gems of the species. At the Col du Lautaret (France) the grassy surrounds of the hotel are all tinted pink with the bright colour of its petals."

*GLOBULARIA CORDIFOLIA.*

"Fluffy little purple balls of colour form mats over the grass towards the Blümlisalp hut in Switzerland. I have also found thick mats creeping over the cliffs in the central Pyrenees."

*VIOLA BIFLORA.*

"This little violet often shelters in the nooks and crannies of wet rocks and, as its name suggests, the flowers usually occur in pairs from the leaf axil. This photograph was taken at the top of the Gemmi Pass."

*VIOLA CALCARATA.*

"For sheer brilliance of colour, I do not remember ever seeing anything finer than the massed blooms of *Viola calcarata* at the top of the Galibier Pass. It was barely possible to see the grass."

THE BRILLIANT BEAUTY OF THE ALPINE FLOWERS OF FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND.

The comments quoted under each of these brilliant colour pictures are by Mr. D. N. Paton, F.L.S., A.R.P.S., who took the photographs and who writes: "The beauty of the Alpine flowers in spring has long been proverbial. Why should this be so? Their life is short and sweet, for the higher they are found, the less time they have to grow, flower and finally set their seed. So they must be brilliant and catch the insects' eyes before the return of winter. Imagine a visit in July to the Col du Lautaret, high in the French Alps. As we ascend from Grenoble, the majestic shape of the snow-covered Meije glistens in the sunlight, and we seem to recapture the freshness of spring. In the grass beside the hotel are the bright pink heads of *Dianthus neglectus*, while the scree above forms the loveliest of natural rockeries.

From here, it is an easy road walk to the top of the Galibier Pass, where Alpine meadows abound in all their splendour. The scene is ablaze with the gay yellow and purple of *Viola calcarata*, and interspersed with the vivid blues of the gentians. But the gem of all is *Eritrichium nanum*. I well remember the thrill of finding this little plant for the first time, after a search which lasted two whole days and involved a considerable amount of scrambling on the steep rocks. It is rare, and seems to glory in growing on the highest and most inaccessible rock faces. No description could ever do justice to the beauty of these lovely flowers, and every effort should be made to see them growing in their natural surroundings." English flowers, photographed by Mr. Paton, with some remarks on his methods, appear on another colour page. (Plate IV.)



THE WILD FLOWERS OF CANNON STREET: A WAYSIDE BOUQUET FROM THE CITY OF LONDON.

The Cannon Street district of the City of London would seem the least likely place for gathering a bunch of wild flowers; but, as Miss Winifred Walker, F.L.S., the artist who drew the plate above, writes: "These are the flowers, many and varied, which were gathered one sunny morning in mid-June. The search for them began in Lower Thames Street, near to Cannon Street Station, in some of the worst-bombed sites in London. Here, with the dome of St. Paul's looming in the near distance, were found a strange assortment of blooms. A tall, bright toadflax (3. *Linaria purpurea*) stood in a spike of orchid-mauve, to the height of 4 ft. It is a native of Italy, now naturalised in this country. Masses of the willowherb, Codlins-and-cream (7. *Epilobium hirsutum*), grew near. Shorter flowers had, for self-preservation, to choose a fairly open site, and there, on a natural rockery of builder's rubble, was a pale rose snapdragon (12. *Antirrhinum* sp.). The garden marigold

(13. *Calendula arvensis*) glowed brightly in company with the white clover (10. *Trifolium repens*). The common persicaria (15. *Polygonum persicaria*) rambled along the earth and held its pink heads high. The yarrow (9. *Achillea millefolium*) made a sharp contrast with the deep wine colour of the hedge woundwort (8. *Stachys sylvatica*). A tall spear thistle (5. *Cirsium vulgare*) flaunted its royal rose head; and a little way off grew nipplewort (2. *Lapsana communis*). A lovely grey-mauve poppy (4. *Papaver somniferum*) grew by itself, as though aware it was different—it provides the narcotic opium. Far down in the cellars could be seen a tiny larkspur (14. *Delphinium* sp.) of pure sapphire. Near it was the tall mullein (1. *Verbascum* sp.). A very delicate type of golden rod (11. *Solidago* sp.) was also at home in this company. The common sowthistle (6. *Sonchus oleraceus*) grew in abundance."



INVADERS OF THE CITY FROM THREE CONTINENTS: THE WILD FLOWERS OF THE TOWER WARD.

Continuing her search for wild flowers in the City, the artist of the plate above, Miss Winifred Walker, F.L.S., moved towards the Tower from Cannon Street, and she writes: "Yet there were still flowers to beautify the surroundings. Near to the Tower of London one saw a sheet of vivid rose. It was made up of the rosebay (1. *Chamaenerion angustifolium*), always the first plant to cover up the ugliness of burnt areas. The small mauve creeping thistle (2. *Cirsium arvense*) was just beginning to open. A dainty little annual, 'Gallant Soldier,' from Peru, with small white flowers and golden centres, was in the picture (5. *Galinsoga parviflora*). The tall, slender spikes of the agrimony (4. *Agrimonia eupatoria*) were beginning to blossom. Heavy heads of green promised a yellow harvest later. It was the ragwort (9. *Senecio jacobaea*). (Much commoner in bomb-sites is the showier Sicilian, Oxford ragwort, *Senecio squalidus*.)

Dark maroon flowers of the knapweed (6. *Centaurea* sp.) were already showing flower, and the woody nightshade or bittersweet (11. *Solanum dulcamara*) had found a broken piece of wood around which to climb. A mayweed (10. probably *Matricaria chamomilla*) covered an otherwise bare piece of ground and gave off a grateful perfume when trodden upon. Red Clover (14. *Trifolium pratense*) was abundant, as was also the white campion (12. *Melandrium album*). A curled dock (13. *Rumex crispus*) was now turning rich vermillion in the sunshine. A rich yellow field sowthistle (8. *Sonchus arvensis*) stood high. Then, taller than all, rose the beautiful evening primrose (3. *Oenothera erythrosepala*)—a North American and an escape from gardens. Another alien, a Chinese now naturalised in London bomb-sites, the mauve Buddleia (7. *Buddleja davidii*), had also invaded this flower-garden."



THE BEE ORCHID—*OPHRYS APIFERA*.

"The Bee Orchid is still locally common at places on the chalk of the South Downs. There could be no mistaking it once seen, but whether or not it has evolved its likeness to a bee is still a matter of question."



THE MOUNTAIN PANSY—*VIOLA LUTEA*.

"Above the village of Preston, in Wensleydale, the grass lands adjoin the limestone outcrop. In June, I have seen them carpeted with this little pansy and almost rivalling an Alpine meadow in brilliance." Purple and mixed forms also occur.



THE FLY ORCHID—*OPHRYS INSECTIFERA*.

"The Fly Orchid is inconspicuous unless it is seen at close quarters, when its rich colouring can be appreciated. This specimen was photographed in a wood near Godalming." Both this and the Bee Orchid are enlarged.



THE PURPLE SAXIFRAGE—*SAX. OPPOSITIFOLIA*.

"On the cold, windy faces of Pen-y-Ghent, Yorkshire, this beautiful saxifrage can be found flowering in April. It hangs in clumps over the wet limestone, a perfect background for its delicate colour." This also makes an excellent rock-garden plant.



THE CHEDDAR PINK AND YELLOW ROCKROSE—*DIANTHUS CÆSIUS* (*GRATIANOPOLITANUS*) AND *HELIANTHEMUM CHAMÆCISTUS*.

"The noisy traffic winds its way through Cheddar Gorge. But overlooking it from the steep cliffsides is one of Britain's rarities—the sweet-smelling Cheddar Pink."



COMMON WHITLOW GRASS—*DRABA* (OR *EROPHILA*) *VERNA*.

"In mid-April near Malham, in Yorkshire, the rocks and grass are covered with this tiny plant. It would certainly pass unnoticed except by a botanist, for it is less than an inch in any direction." (Enlarged.)



THE BLADDER CAMPION—*SILENE CUCUBALUS*.

"Here the camera reveals in a really 'close-up' view the inherent beauty of one of the commonest flowers which grow by the wayside."

ENGLAND'S FLOWERS—THEIR BEAUTY ON MOUNTAIN, DOWNLAND, AND WAYSIDE—IN COLOUR.

Colour photographs of Alpines of France and Switzerland, by Mr. D. N. Paton, F.L.S., A.R.P.S., appear on another page. The "close-ups" of English flowers on this page are also by him; and of his method he writes: "It has only been during the past four years that I have concentrated almost entirely on photographing wild flowers in their natural surroundings. For colour photography in the field, I normally rely on the Contax camera. This has three slip-on lenses (similar to 'portrait attachments'), enabling me to focus at the set distances, 20 ins., 12 ins. and 8 ins. Corresponding to each lens there is a range-finder, which gives the necessary distance from the flower without further measurement. Focusing is done by adjusting the legs of a table-top tripod, fitted with a ball-and-socket head. However, for really close work, I use a

ground-glass focusing screen and extension tubes, so that if required I can obtain an image of natural size on the film. This requires great care and patience and the setting up may take over half an hour. After calculating the exposure, I stop down to $f/11$ or $f/16$ to get adequate depth of focus, and this usually gives an exposure time between 1-5th and 1 sec. It is then that the fun begins. Watch a flower closely on a still day. You will see it waving about a relatively enormous distance in a second. The flower must be motionless during the exposure time, and I have waited up to an hour for a lull from which I have seized the precious second of stillness. With practice one seems to gain an intuition when this will occur, and even on an apparently impossible day patience is nearly always rewarded."

THE GIANT ANIMALS OF PREHISTORIC TANGANYIKA,

AND THE HUNTING-GROUNDS OF CHELLEAN MAN. NEW DISCOVERIES IN THE OLDUVAI GORGE.

By L. S. B. LEAKEY, PH.D., F.S.A., Curator of the Coryndon Museum, Nairobi.

DURING 1952 and 1953 my wife and I returned to Olduvai Gorge, at the south-east corner of the Serengeti Plains of Tanganyika Territory. Accounts of earlier discoveries there have appeared from time to time in *The Illustrated London News*, and on November 2, 1935, the article was accompanied by a double-page showing suggested reconstructions of some of the extinct animals that were hunted by Hand-axe Man at Olduvai.

It was in that year, during my fourth expedition to the Gorge, that my wife and I located a site which we called B.K.2, but it was then not possible to carry out detailed excavations there. We both felt, however, that it was a most promising site. One of the biggest difficulties about working this particular site lay in the fact that the horizon we were interested in was overlaid by a great thickness of barren deposits, and would therefore need a large number of workmen and an extended period of concentrated work.

The site, moreover, lay on the south side of the southern branch of the Gorge and we had, at that time, only got a track out of the Balbal depression on the north side of the Gorge. To work B.K.2 properly it was essential to get a camp established right on the spot, with a track along which water could be brought for the party.

In 1952 we made a determined effort to find a route for our vehicles up the Balbal escarpment on the south side of the Gorge, and were successful in doing so, and soon got our camp established quite close to our objective.

Water was, as always at Olduvai, the major problem, and this time our transport had to go 38 miles for water, leaving early in the morning and returning just before dusk. The work was made possible by generous help from Mr. C. W. Boise, while in 1953 the Wenner Gren Foundation provided additional funds for a 200-gallon water trailer and a Land-Rover to haul it.

Almost as soon as work started in 1952 we found evidence that our "hunch" that B.K.2 would prove worth excavating was likely to be fulfilled, and as work proceeded that season and again in 1953, we

stone tools and thousands of waste flakes—for Chellean Man made his tools on the spot as he required them. There are also the fossilized remains of vast numbers of extinct animals—ranging from the straight-tusked elephant to very small antelopes. [Reconstruction drawings of some of the most striking of these prehistoric animals appear on page 1049 and pages 1050-1051.] The skulls of all the animals on this land surface have been broken open to get at the brain, while all the limb bones have been smashed to obtain the marrow.

In the sticky clay which fills the gully on the edge of the site the position is different. Here there are

bony horn-cores. In the giant fossil sheep only the core is preserved, and the span of the cores is 4 ft. 3 ins. Other horn-cores from less complete skulls show us that the size of this specimen was often exceeded. The limb bones indicate that *Pelorovis* was at least as large as a modern African buffalo.

We also recovered a complete skull, with an almost complete skeleton, of *Bularchus*, in the deepest part of the mud (Fig. 2). Fig. 8 shows this skull in comparison with that of a modern large-sized bullock. In the cattle family the proportion of the actual horn to the horn-core is not quite as in the sheep, and for the horn itself we can only add very little to the core-length, but even so, this gives us a phenomenal horn-span. The span of the cores is 7 ft. 3 ins.

It was at Olduvai that the first representatives of the strange, antlered giraffes were found in East Africa. At B.K.2 remains of the creature, *Sivatherium*, are common, although we still have to find a complete skull. Fig. 9 shows a fine pair of so-called antlers. Actually these strange appendages of *Sivatherium* are neither true horns nor yet true antlers. They were bony excrescences from the skull, which were probably never covered by a horny sheath, but simply by skin and hair.

Giant fossil pigs are very common among the animals that were hunted by Hand-axe Man all over East Africa, and a jaw and part of a skull of a pig nearly as big as a rhino from *Olorogesailie* were shown in *The Illustrated London News* on November 2, 1946. At our new site the remains of these giant pigs are very common indeed, and Fig. 5 shows tusks of different species of giant pigs compared with those of an exceptionally large modern wart-hog and a giant forest hog. Fig. 4 shows the jaw of one of our small fossil species compared with a modern wart-hog.

One discovery of very special scientific interest was the finding of part of the jaw of a creature known to science as *Eurygnathohippus*. In 1931 a small jaw fragment was found in South Africa, and from then until 1935 no other specimen has ever been

recorded. It was even thought, by some scientists, that the South African specimen was just a freak, and did not represent a new genus of animal. Now site B.K.2 at Olduvai has yielded an almost identical specimen, showing that—even if rare—this creature was widespread. What it is I cannot yet tell you. In both cases only the front part of the jaw is known (Fig. 6), and until we get some other parts, and especially the cheek teeth, we cannot really know where its affinities lie.

The men who hunted all these animals were makers of what we call Chellean Stage I. of the hand-axe culture. They were only just emerging from earlier



FIG. 1. CLEARING THE OVERBURDEN AWAY FROM THE OLDUVAI GORGE SITE DISCUSSED ON THIS PAGE BY DR. LEAKEY. ON THE LEFT THE OLD LAND SURFACE IS EXPOSED, STREWN WITH STONE TOOLS OF CHELLEAN MAN AND FOSSILISED REMAINS OF ANIMALS. PART OF THE OLD GULLY CAN ALSO BE SEEN.

whole skulls, and sometimes articulated limb-bones, of animals and it is among the bones in the clay that our most valuable finds have been made (Figs. 2 and 3).

Trying to piece together the evidence so far uncovered, the story would appear to be as follows:

These very early Chellean hunters used to drive the animals which they hunted over the land surface to the edge of the clay-filled gully, where the animals quickly became bogged and sank into the mire. In most cases the hunters were able to kill them and drag them out of the mud on to the land surface, where they then proceeded to cut them up and eat them.

Occasionally an animal, and especially the bigger beasts, like the giant sheep, *Pelorovis*, and the huge bovid, *Bularchus*, got too deeply bogged in the mud and could not be dragged out before they had sunk beyond recall. Consequently we have found, in the clay, some extraordinarily well-preserved specimens. Sometimes, too, the animals must have been killed and cut up piecemeal, in the mud, and a part removed to the bank, while one or two limbs may have sunk too far and so remained in the clay in an articulated condition.

It must not be thought that all the animals whose remains are found in the living site were hunted and killed in this way—by driving them into the mud. It is doubtful if the method would

have worked with the lighter animals, and they probably were hunted elsewhere and merely brought to the site as food.

We have known of the existence of the giant sheep, *Pelorovis*, at Olduvai, for years. We now have a complete skull and horn-cores from the new site, as well as parts of many other specimens, including limb bones (Figs. 3 and 7). In Fig. 7 this skull is seen compared with the skull and horns of a large merino ram. It will be noted that in the modern sheep the actual horn is nearly twice as long as the



FIG. 2. THE SKULL AND SKELETON OF THE GIANT OX, *Bularchus*, REVEALED IN THE CLAY OF THE OLD GULLY. TWO OTHER *Bularchus* SKULLS ARE JUST VISIBLE TO THE RIGHT.

uncovered what I believe to be the first living site of early Chellean Man ever found.

The site lies at the very base of what is known as "Bed II." at Olduvai, and consists of an old land surface covered with light sand and buried under extensive deposits of clay. This old land surface, which can be recognised at many other places in the Gorge, here borders upon a small contemporary gully filled with a very sticky swamp clay. The land surface itself is strewn with the evidence of Early Chellean Man's occupation (Fig. 1). There are hundreds of



FIG. 3. THE SKULL AND JAW OF THE GIANT SHEEP, *Pelorovis*, IN SITU IN THE CLAY OF THE GULLY AT THE OLDUVAI SITE, B.K.2.

pebble-tool culture stage, and their tools are crude in the extreme. The majority are still only pebble-tools, but a few have begun to take on the hand-axe form, at its simplest. Besides these crude hand-axes and pebble choppers, they used roughly spherical stones which may perhaps have been used as bolas stones, or possibly simply as missiles.

The remains of the men themselves still elude us, and it is interesting to wonder whether, when found, they will be giants like the animals they hunted, or of normal stature.

THE GIANT PREHISTORIC ANIMALS OF EAST AFRICA—AND MODERN CONTRASTS.



FIG. 4. (LEFT) THE FOSSIL JAW OF ONE OF THE SMALLER GIANT HOGS OF OLDUVAI COMPARED WITH (RIGHT) THE JAW OF A MODERN WART HOG. A FOOT RULE GIVES THE SCALE.



FIG. 5. FROM THE TOP, TUSKS OF THE MODERN GIANT FOREST HOG AND WART HOG, COMPARED WITH FOSSIL TUSKS OF OLDUVAI GIANTS *METRIDIOCHÆRUS* AND *NOTOCHÆRUS*.



FIG. 6. (LEFT) THE FRONT PART OF THE JAW OF *EURYGAYA-THORIPPUS*, AN ENIGMATIC FOSSIL HORSE, COMPARED WITH (RIGHT) THE JAW OF A MODERN RACEHORSE.



FIG. 7. (BELOW) THE SKULL AND FOSSILISED HORN-CORES (SPAN, 4½ FT.) OF THE GIANT SHEEP *PELOROVIS*, COMPARED WITH (ABOVE) THE SKULL OF A LARGE MERINO RAM. IN THE LATTER, THE RIGHT HORN (BLACK) IS SHOWN COMPLETE, THE LEFT (WHITE) BEING ONLY THE CORE, TO SHOW THE PROPORTION OF CORE TO HORN.



FIG. 8. (ABOVE) THE SKULL AND HORN-CORES OF *BULARCHUS*, THE GIANT OX, COMPARED WITH, BELOW, THE SKULL OF A LARGE MODERN BULLOCK, OF WHICH THE RIGHT HORN-CORE HAS BEEN STRIPPED OF ITS HORN. FOOT-RULE SCALE.



FIG. 9. A PAIR OF FOSSIL ANTLERS OF THE STRANGE, ANTLERED GIRAFFE, *SIVATHERIUM*, FROM THE OLDUVAI GORGE. THEY ARE NEITHER TRUE HORNS OR TRUE ANTLERS, BUT BONY EXCRESCENCES COVERED PROBABLY BY SKIN AND HAIR. FOOT-RULE SCALE.

On page 1047 Dr. Leakey describes his latest discoveries in the Olduvai Gorge, Tanganyika, a hunting site of Chellean Man and a gully into which the prehistoric hunters appear to have driven animals with a view of killing them as they struggled in the bog. On pages 1049, 1050-1051 our Special Artist, Neave Parker, has, with the assistance of Dr. Leakey, reconstructed the appearance of the prehistoric fauna of Olduvai, and to give some idea of their gigantic size has in each case contrasted the prehistoric giant with his modern counterpart. Here we show

typical fossil remains—the basis of these reconstructions—contrasted with the parallel modern equivalent. Perhaps the most striking here is the skull of the giant sheep, *Pelorovis*, the span of whose horn-cores alone is 4 ft. 3 ins. And since in sheep, as is illustrated in the skull of a modern merino ram, the horn-core (which would be the only part to be fossilised) is only about half the length of the total horn, it can be assumed that this extinct giant sheep had a horn-span approaching 8 ft. Fossil bones of *Pelorovis* have also been found.

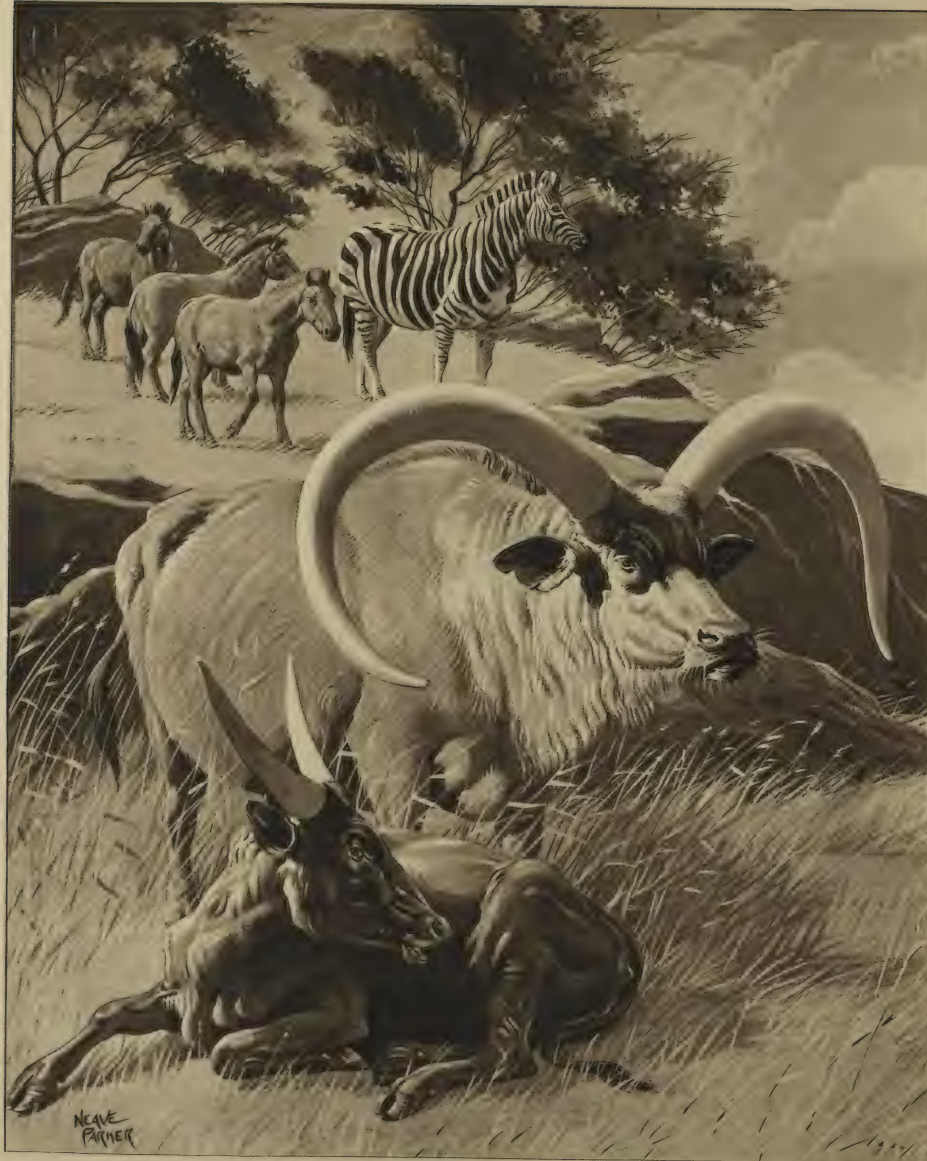


THE FANTASTIC GIANT SHEEP OF EARLY STONE AGE AFRICA : THE HUGE *PELOROVIS* COMPARED WITH (BELOW) A MODERN MERINO RAM.

As early as November 1935 Dr. Leakey reported in *The Illustrated London News* the discovery of fossilised horn-cores of a giant sheep, now known to science as *Pelorovis*. That discovery was made in the Olduvai Gorge in Tanganyika; and we illustrated it at the time with a drawing by the late Miss Alice Woodward. During 1942 Dr. Leakey found another site, of about the same date, at Olorgesailie, near Lake Magadi, Kenya. Here also fossilised remains of a large number of giant prehistoric animals were found, which were illustrated in our issue of November 2, 1946, in a series of reconstruction drawings by Mr. Bryan de Grineau.

In his latest excavations at the Olduvai Gorge, Dr. Leakey, who writes on page 1047, has found still more fossil remains, including limb-bones, of *Pelorovis*. There now therefore exists a considerable body of material and working on this and with the close co-operation of Dr. Leakey and scientists of the Natural History Museum, our Artist, in the light of the latest knowledge, has produced this reconstruction, which Dr. Leakey considers an accurate representation of the probable appearance of *Pelorovis* and of his size and the magnificent 8-ft. sweep of his horns in comparison with a modern Merino ram drawn to the same scale.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF DR. L. S. B. LEAKEY.



THE GIANT — AND PIGMY — ANIMALS OF PREHISTORIC EAST AFRICA, CONTRASTED WITH THEIR MODERN

On page 1047 Dr. L. S. B. Leakey, the Curator of the Coryndon Museum, Nairobi, describes his latest excavations in the Olduvai Gorge, in Tanganyika—the classic site for fossils of the giant fauna of East Africa in the time of Chellean Man; and on page 1048 we reproduce a number of photographs comparing the fossil remains of this fauna with comparable modern animals. For the reader, however, without specialised training it is not easy to clothe fossil bones with flesh and to visualise what this strange fauna looked like. On page 1049, therefore, and above, our Special

Artist has, with the close co-operation of Dr. Leakey and using the advice and resources of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, reconstructed the extinct animals in the light of this latest knowledge and set them in each case beside a modern counterpart. The Giant Sheep, *Peleovovis*, and a modern Merino ram appear on page 1049; while the drawing above shows four contrasts. In the left foreground stands *Bulacrus*, a Giant Ox or Bovid, with lying on the ground in front of it, an Ankole Bull, one of the largest horned breed of modern cattle. During the

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER.



COUNTERPARTS: A RECONSTRUCTION BASED ON THE LATEST DISCOVERIES IN THE OLDUVAI GORGE.

latest excavation a complete skull of *Bulacrus*, with horns of a span of 7 ft. 3 ins., was discovered, various other skulls and an almost complete skeleton. In the extreme right foreground stands an example of it, the Bush Pig of Olduvai (of which there are at least two species) with, in front of it, the Bush Pig of modern East Africa. In the right background stands the heavily-built antlered giraffe of prehistoric Africa, *Sivatherium*, with, on the extreme right, a modern giraffe. The "antlers" of *Sivatherium*—which are neither true antlers nor true horns, being actually bony

excrecences—are of interest, photographs of the fossils appearing in Fig. 9, page 1048. Those shown are quite distinct from the fossil examples found in India and it would seem that the Indian and African *Sivatherium* were distinct species. The Indian "antlers" are less knobby and more folded over. In the left background the usual order is reversed and it is the modern type which is the larger. Here a modern zebra is contrasted with three examples of *Hipparion*, a pigmy horse with three distinct toes against the single effective toe of the modern Ungulate.

WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF DR. L. S. B. LEAKEY.

INCLUDING ROYAL LOANS: A SELECTION OF NOTABLE
EXHIBITS AT THE GREAT ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR.



DECORATED WITH GREEN, YELLOW AND AUBERGINE GLAZES: A CHINESE MODEL OF A HOUSE-BOAT K'ANG HSI PERIOD (A.D. 1662-1722). ONE OF A PAIR ON VIEW AT THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR. (John Sparks.)



FROM THE PALACE COLLECTION OF EGYPT: A GOLD AND HARDSTONE WATCH AND CHATELAINE. THE WATCH BEARING A MINIATURE OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE, DISCOVERED WHEN A SECRET CATCH WAS ACCIDENTALLY PRESSED. IT IS INSCRIBED *TENDRE, FIDÈLE, ARDENT, SINCÈRE* AND *CONSTANT OVER UNIS POUR TOUJOURS*. (Warski.)



PURCHASED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES, AFTERWARDS GEORGE IV., IN 1810: THE APOLLO CLOCK, OF BRONZE, GILT AND PATINATED, AND BLUED METALS, THE WORKMANSHIP OF THE CASE ASCRIBED TO PIERRE PHILIPPE THOMIRE (1781-1843). HEIGHT 2 FT. 5 INS., WIDTH 2 FT. 6 INS. (Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.)



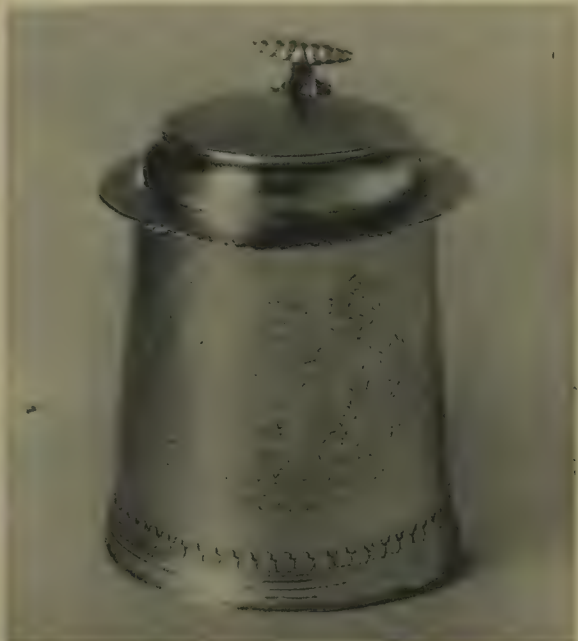
COVERED WITH RED MOROCCO LEATHER OVER A FOUNDATION OF OAK AND RICHLY MOUNTED WITH EMBOSSED AND GILT METAL, AND LINED WITH CRIMSON GENOESE CUT VELVET: QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S SEDAN CHAIR. (Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.)



WITH SILVER-GILT EMBOSSED MOUNTS: A JUG OF RHODIAN OR ISLIC WARE C. 1580, WITH CHARACTERISTIC DESIGN FEATURING TULIPS. (How, of Edinburgh.)



INSCRIBED WITH ONE OF HIS OWN POEMS: A HAT-STAND OF ROSEWOOD AND JADE WHICH BELONGED TO THE CHINESE EMPEROR CH'IENT LUNG (1736-1795). (John Sparks.)



BEARING THE ARMS OF WILLIS OF FENNY COMPTON, AND HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT: AN AMERICAN SILVER TANKARD BY BARTHOLOMEW SCHAATS, c. 1700. (How, of Edinburgh.)

The Queen, the Queen Mother and other members of the Royal family have followed their usual custom by graciously lending objects of great interest from their collections for exhibition at the Antique Dealers' Fair and Exhibition which opened last week in the Great Hall, Grosvenor House, and will continue until June 24 (Sundays excepted). Queen Charlotte's Sedan Chair, graciously lent by the Queen, was made for her late Majesty in the last quarter of the eighteenth century by Griffin, of Whitcomb Street. At Queen Charlotte's death it passed to her son, the Duke of Sussex, and was presented to Queen Victoria by the

Duke of Teck, to whom it had been given by the Duchess of Inverness. The gold and hardstone chatelaine and watch illustrated is believed to have been a gift from Josephine to Napoleon. The poem by the Emperor Ch'ien Lung on his hat-stand refers to the changing seasons, and to the fact that with the autumn the lychee fruit is here again, and has an engagingly personal touch, for it is known that Ch'ien Lung was greedy and was particularly fond of lychees. All exhibits in the Fair are, in accordance with the established rule, guaranteed to have been made before the year 1830.

FINE WORKMANSHIP OF EAST AND WEST: AT THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR.



AUTOMATON WATCHES FROM THE PALACE COLLECTION OF EGYPT: A WATCH WITH A FEMALE FIGURE RINGING A BELL AND A FOUNTAIN WHICH PLAYS; A SWISS REPEATER BY ACHARD, GENEVA, WITH KNIGHTS JOUSTING; AND AN EARLY NINETEENTH-CENTURY REPEATER WITH A GIRL IN A SWING, FRENCH OR SWISS. (Wartski.)



BY HESTER BATEMAN, THE LONDON WOMAN SILVERSMITH: A THREE-PIECE GEORGIAN SILVER TEA-SET AND TEAPOT STAND, DATE 1790. WEIGHT 36 OZS. 10 DWTS. (Lewis and Kave.)



WITH A MARBLE TOP AND, INSET, WITH PANELS OF DIFFERENT COLOURED MARBLES (PIETRE DURE) REPRESENTING LANDSCAPES, AND IVORY PLAQUES OF THE ROMAN EMPERORS: AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY COMMUNE OF TULIPWOOD. (H. Blairman and Sons.)



DEPICTING THE CORONATION OF KING GEORGE IV. ON JULY 19, 1821: A 33-FT.-LONG PANORAMA OF THE PROCESSION, SHOWN PARTIALLY UNROLLED FROM THE DECORATIVE CYLINDER WHICH CONTAINS IT. (Parker Gallery.)



SCULPTURED WITH BOLDNESS AND STRENGTH: A CELADON JADE MOUNTAIN BEARING ON EITHER SIDE AN INCISED POEM BY THE EMPEROR CH'IENTUNG (1736-1795). HEIGHT 13½ INS. (Spink and Sons.)



USED FOR WALL DECORATION OF THE PERIOD 1760-1770: A GILT WOOD CHIPPENDALE APPLIQUE (ONE OF A PAIR) REPRESENTING A TRAVELLER ARRIVING AT A HOUSE FROM WHICH A LADY GREETING HIM. (H. Blairman and Sons.)



BEARING THE MARKS OF WILLIAM SCOTT, DUNDEE, 1780: A PLAIN SILVER, BELLIED COFFEE-POT WITH BEAD MOUNTS, HOLDING 1½ PINTS. ITS HEIGHT IS 10½ INS. (W. H. Willson.)

The Antique Dealers' Fair and Exhibition which was opened on June 9 by H.E. the American Ambassador, is the fourteenth of the series, and will continue until June 24. The first Fair was held in 1934 and her late Majesty Queen Mary established the tradition of Royal patronage for this unique display by becoming Patron in 1937, a tradition which Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother has graciously consented to carry on by becoming Patron. Her Majesty has been a regular visitor to the Fair in the past, and this year attended a special pre-view on June 8. There are 96 exhibitors and, as usual, in accordance with the regulations laid down

for the event, every antique on view (all except the Royal and other loans are for sale) must have been made before 1830, the year taken as the datum line between the handcraft and mechanical ages, and before being shown has been examined and passed as authentic of the period it is represented to be by a panel of experts. A proportion of the entrance money is being given to the British Antique Dealers' Association, the National Fund for Poliomyelitis Research and the W.R.A.C. Benevolent Fund. Personnel from the W.R.A.C. are carrying out duties at the Fair on a voluntary basis.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

ANALYSIS OF PLAY IN CATTLE.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

RELATIVELY little attention has been given to the significance of play, yet it is widespread enough, especially among young animals. Nor is it by any means unusual in the adult. It increases with good feeding and decreases with malnutrition, which may have influenced Herbert Spencer's theory that it springs in the first place from an excess of energy. He took the view also that it was a simulation or dramatisation of serious activities, of the more important things in life. The ideas of Schiller, the German poet and philosopher, ran close to those of Spencer, except that he looked upon play as an aimless expenditure of surplus energy.

The first serious attempt to analyse the meaning of play came from another German, Professor K. Groos, who in 1895 brought together in book-form all that was known up to that time. He himself regarded play as the manifestation of instincts appearing before the animal really needed them. As a consequence, he rejected Spencer's ideas and assumed that since play-actions preceded serious activities, they were premonitions rather than simulations of them. He further postulated that far from merely getting rid of superfluous energy the young animal was, in fact, exercising and developing the muscles and joints to equip itself for later needs. Groos also rejected earlier ideas about the excess of energy on the grounds that an animal will continue to play until it is almost exhausted. This is, however, hardly a valid argument, since it is a reasonable view that once started an activity tends to continue until it is fully satisfied. On the other hand, work may be continued to the point of exhaustion, and if work is purposive, play can on the same grounds also be so considered.

Since 1895 various authors have reflected on the meaning of play. Some have argued that it is a means whereby an animal becomes acquainted with its surroundings, others that "play and curiosity are pleasurable activities and the spirit that accompanies them a valuable stimulus to learning," that "it is activity for its own sake," and so on. The latest analysis is that of A. Brownlee, of the Agricultural Research Council's Field Station at Compton ("British Veterinary Journal," February 1954, pp. 48-68). This is based upon observations carried out intermittently over a period of years on cattle of different ages kept under farm and experimental conditions, indoors and at pasture. He comes to the conclusion that play has all the components of a single instinct, and that the movements carried out in the course of it resemble those which later subserve combat, self-defence, escape and reproduction. Even in wild animals these things are not necessarily everyday events, and the need for them occurs at longer or shorter intervals. When they are needed, however, and this relates particularly to the first three, it is imperative that the muscles concerned should be at concert-pitch. This can be ensured only if those muscles are kept in trim by exercise during the intervals.

There is a corollary to this, that pleasurable or joyful activities increase muscle tone in a way that mere exercise will not, and it is of the greatest interest to find that Mr. Brownlee, in a completely objective and strictly scientific discourse, should state categorically: "I have also adduced evidence that cattle enjoy play." To that extent they play because they want to, presumably. The same positive conclusion has been reached by those studying porpoises in the Marine Studios in Florida. It may seem unnecessary to anyone accustomed to domestic pets, particularly dogs and cats, to make so much of this point here, but we live in an age when to suggest an animal may have emotions even remotely comparable to our own is looked at askance. Although I have given some attention to play as a subject, I was mildly surprised

to find that Mr. Brownlee had observed so much play in domestic cattle that he could put on record this extensive series of observations. Play in the sharp-witted carnivores is no more than one expects, or even in rodents, but the herbivores, and particularly those living in man's thralldom, always seem too placid and expressionless. Even so, I can recall seeing cows let out to pasture after wintering in stable, and being mildly surprised at their excessive skittishness.

the tail held at varying angles; bucking with both hind-feet jerked up behind, often to one side with a lateral twist of the hind-quarters; kicking with one hind-foot at stationary or moving objects, or even at none at all; butting with the head or prancing with the head lowered: side to side shaking or tossing of the head, and snorting and uttering a sharp "baa-ock." In addition, there may be goring movements with head and horns against soft materials like loose soil or hay. It is easy to see the resemblance to combat, defence and escape in these actions and in the various combinations in which they are used. Looking back now, I can

appreciate that my closest and most frequent experiences with cattle, and especially with calves, was in my childhood, when I must have construed their play as aggression and exhibited escape reactions myself. Brownlee's fourth category of play movements, the reproductive, includes the actions associated with mating, but with an obvious absence of the accompanying emotional behaviour.

Play is regarded as an instinct in the paper under review because it fulfils the requirements of an instinct. On the face of it this is an obvious remark to make, but it is stated in this way because there is not general agreement on what constitutes an instinct and definitions vary widely. As used by Brownlee, an instinct comprises a sequence: a drive, appetitive behaviour, releasers, a consummatory phase and a goal. A drive may be described as an impulse associated with an inherited behaviour pattern, no part of which depends upon learning or experience. New-born calves will, of their own accord and without example, commence to play in any one of the ways already described. If kept confined so that the impulse or drive is blocked, it increases in force, while good feeding and good weather will also increase it. The appetitive behaviour is seen in the seeking of playthings or playmates, and these act as

releasers. The presence of other cattle will stimulate the desire for play, as will bales of hay, buckets, wheelbarrows and haystacks; the right kind of ground for galloping and bucking have the same effect. As already mentioned, cattle seem to enjoy playing: "apparently spontaneously they perform with enthusiasm the various play movements and continue to repeat the performance for a period. If an animal learns that it is able to escape from an enclosure into a playground, it may, when the opportunity permits and if not otherwise occupied (feeding, etc.), endeavour to do so in order to play. When a playing animal is re-confined it will often try to regain freedom in order to continue to play. An animal, with which I have played a number of times by outstretching my hand towards its head, has on several occasions taken the initiative and manifested by a toss of the head that it wishes to commence play. Also, cattle regularly approach their congeners, inanimate objects, or sometimes attendants, and carry out play movements."

The performance brought about through the medium of the releasers constitutes the consummatory phase and the physiological benefit derived from it is the goal, thus completing the series and forming one inclusive whole, the play instinct.

Although the actions used in play resemble those belonging to more serious activities, there is one big difference between them. In play-butting, for example, much less force is used than in the combat, no injury is sustained and the weaker of the two partners to it is allowed to attack as well as defend. In other words, it is friendly and not aggressive. Brownlee concludes: "If... one accepts the proposition that play is an instinct quite separate from the instinct of combat, then no *a priori* implication is made that play combat and real combat are identical and thus there is no need to postulate make-believe in play as some authors have done."



"NEW-BORN CALVES WILL, OF THEIR OWN ACCORD AND WITHOUT EXAMPLE, COMMENCE TO PLAY": A CALF ENJOYING, PRESUMABLY, ONE OF THE COMMONER MANIFESTATIONS OF PLAY IN DOMESTIC CATTLE, DESCRIBED BY MR. A. BROWNLEE AS CONSISTING OF TROTting, CANtering OR GALLOping WITH THE TAIL HELD AT VARYING ANGLES.



BUTTING WITH THE HEAD: A YOUNG BULL ENGAGED IN A PLAY MANIFESTATION. PLAY ARISES FROM AN INNER URGE OR "DRIVE" WHICH IS SET FREE BY A "RELEASER." THE SIGHT OF INANIMATE OBJECTS, SUCH AS THE WHEELBARROW SHOWN HERE, CONSTITUTES SUCH A "RELEASER." IT IS PROBABLE THAT PLAY IN DOMESTIC CATTLE IS OFTEN MISCONSTRUED OWING TO ITS RESEMBLANCE TO MORE SERIOUS ACTIVITIES.

Photographs reproduced by courtesy of Mr. A. Brownlee and the "British Veterinary Journal."

While Mr. Brownlee agrees that enjoyment may be associated with play, as in ourselves, he sees also a deeper function. The commonest manifestations of play in cattle are trotting, cantering or galloping with

AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

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SILVER-COLOURED, WITH BLACK STRIPES: THE ARCHER FISH (*TOXOTES JACULATOR*) WHICH COMES FROM THE EAST INDIES.

AN ANGEL,
A BUMBLE BEE,
AN 100-EYED MUCK
EATER—AND
OTHERS: SOME
FASCINATING
FISH AT THE
NATIONAL
AQUARIUM
EXHIBITION.



NEVER BEFORE SHOWN IN GREAT BRITAIN: THE 100-EYED MUCK EATER (*SCATOPHAGUS ARGUS*), FROM THE EAST INDIES.



AN EGYPTIAN VARIETY OF THE CICHLID FAMILY: THE MOUTHBREEDER; THE YOUNG CICHLIDS ARE HATCHED LITERALLY IN THEIR MOTHER'S MOUTH.



RARELY SEEN AND NEVER YET BRED IN CAPTIVITY: THE MALAYAN ANGEL (*MONODACTYLUS ARGENTUS*) FROM THE RIVER DELTAS OF THE INDIAN OCEAN.



THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY-LOOKING EXHIBIT IN THE SHOW: THE LION FISH (*PTEROIS VOLITANS*), ALSO KNOWN AS THE SCORPION OR DRAGON FISH.



A COLOURFUL CICHLID WHOSE JAWS TURN A BRIGHT RED WHEN IN BREEDING CONDITION: THE FIREMOUTH (*CICHLASOMA MERRI*).



BLACK, WITH YELLOW STRIPES: THE APTLY-NAMED BUMBLE BEE, A TINY MALAYAN GOBY, WHICH DARTS ABOUT THE AQUARIUM.



A FISH WHICH CAN SWIM BACKWARDS AS EASILY AS FORWARDS: THE RADAR FISH, ONE OF THE GYMNOTID EELS, WHICH HAS AN ELECTRONIC CELL IN ITS TAIL.

The seventh National Aquarium Exhibition was held at the Royal Horticultural Hall in London on June 10, 11 and 12. This year there were 970 exhibits—more than ever before. Eight of the exciting fish, some of which were exhibited for the first time this year, are shown on this page. The Archer Fish, from the East Indies, catches flies by shooting drops of water violently at them through the air, so that when they fall on the surface it can swallow them. Another fish

with a curious though unattractive name—the 100-Eyed Muck Eater—also comes from the East Indies, it has never been shown in Great Britain before. It is greenish-brown in colour, with a very large number of spots, and is a scavenger. The Mouthbreeder has an unusual way of rearing its young. The female lays its eggs on a sand-bank where they are fertilized by the male. This spawn is then lifted by the female with her lower jaw and the young are hatched in her mouth.

Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Laurence E. Perkins, F.Z.S.

PEOPLE OF THE WEEK, AND RECIPIENTS OF BIRTHDAY HONOURS.


**CREATED A VISCOUNT :
LORD SOULBURY.**

Lord Soulbury, whose resignation as Governor-General of Ceylon was announced in April, is created a Viscount. He was the Queen's host during her recent tour of the Dominion.


**CREATED A BARON :
LORD DUNDEE.**

Lord Dundee, formerly Mr. H. J. Scrymgeour-Wedderburn, M.P., recently established his claim to the earldom, also the viscountcy of Dudhope. He will now be entitled to sit in the House of Lords.


**CREATED A BARON :
LORD COOPER.**

Lord Cooper, who is created a Baron, has been Lord Justice General of Scotland and Lord President of the Court of Session since 1947. He was Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, 1941-46.


**CREATED A BARON :
SIR OLIVER HARVEY.**

Sir Oliver Harvey, who was British Ambassador in Paris from 1948 until last April, has been created a Baron. He is sixty, and has now retired from the Foreign Service.


**APPOINTED A PRIVY COUN-
CILLOR : MR. A. DEAKIN.**

Mr. Arthur Deakin, who is General Secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union and was chairman of the T.U.C. in 1951-52, has been appointed a Privy Councillor.


**CREATED A BARONET :
SIR RUSSELL BRAIN.**

Sir Russell Brain, one of the world's leading neurologists, has been created a Baronet. He has been President of the Royal College of Physicians since 1950. He was created a Knight in 1952.


**DESIGNATED A KNIGHT
BACHELOR : MR. G. R. DE
BEER.**

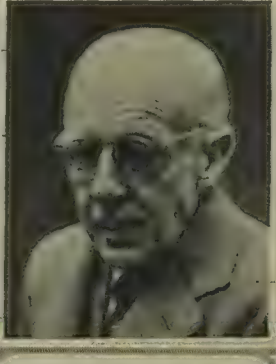
Mr. G. R. de Beer, designated a Knight Bachelor, is Director of the British Museum (Natural History). Previously Professor of Embryology, London University.


**DESIGNATED A KNIGHT
BACHELOR : MR. W. LINTON
ANDREWS.**

Mr. William Linton Andrews, who has been designated a Knight Bachelor, is a distinguished journalist. He has been editor of the *Yorkshire Post* since 1939.


**DESIGNATED A KNIGHT
BACHELOR : MR. BEVERLEY
BAXTER, M.P.**

Mr. A. Beverley Baxter was M.P. (C.) for Wood Green, 1935-50; and now sits as M.P. for Southgate. He formerly edited the *Daily Express*.


**DESIGNATED A KNIGHT
BACHELOR : MR. M. SMITH.**

Mr. Matthew Smith, C.B.E., designated a Knight Bachelor, is a distinguished painter. He is represented in the Tate and in many public and private collections here and overseas.


**DESIGNATED A D.B.E. :
MISS EDITH SITWELL.**

Miss Edith Sitwell, designated a Dame of the Order of the British Empire, is a poet and critic. Her recent works include "Gardeners and Astronomers" and "The Canticle of the Rose."


**APPOINTED C.B.E. : MR. F. G.
GRIFFITH CARR.**

Mr. F. G. G. Carr, who has been appointed a Companion of the Order of the British Empire, has been Director of the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, since 1947.


**EN ROUTE FOR MEXICO CITY : MR. W. SULLIVAN, THE NEW
BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO MEXICO, WITH HIS WIFE.**

Our photograph shows Mr. William Sullivan arriving in New York with his wife on his way to take up his appointment as Ambassador to Mexico in succession to Mr. J. W. Taylor, who has retired from the Foreign Service. Mr. Sullivan, who had been Minister to Rumania since 1951 was British Political Adviser in Trieste from 1945-50.


**THE DISCOVERER OF THE UNTOUCHED ROYAL TOMB
AT-SAKKARA : DR. ZAKARIA GONEIM.**

Dr. Zakaria Goneim, who has contributed to our pages, excavating on behalf of the Egyptian Department of Antiquities, identified in 1951 the remains of an unfinished step pyramid at Sakkara, not far from Zoser's step pyramid. In June this year, Dr. Goneim was rewarded by the discovery therein of an untouched Royal sarcophagus, probably that of Sahakht.


**WITH PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE (LEFT) :
THE SWEDISH ROYAL VISITORS AT RICHMOND HORSE SHOW.**

Princess Sibylla, daughter-in-law of King Gustaf of Sweden, and two of her daughters, Princess Margaretha and Princess Birgitta, arrived in London on June 10 for a two-week visit to Princess Sibylla's aunt, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and the Earl of Athlone, at Kensington Palace. They visited Richmond Horse Show on June 11.


**DIED ON JUNE 8 : DR. KIRK, THE
BISHOP OF OXFORD.**

The Rt. Rev. K. E. Kirk, Bishop of Oxford since 1937, died very suddenly on June 8 at the age of sixty-eight. He was a brilliant scholar and distinguished theologian, and his death is a great loss to the Church of England. He was Regius Professor of Moral and Pastoral Theology and a Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, from 1933-37.


**RESIGNED ON JUNE 13 :
M. LANIEL, FRENCH PREMIER.**

M. Laniel's Government resigned on June 13 after the defeat on June 12 by 13 votes on a motion of confidence calling for the rejection of three motions hostile to his policy in Indo-China. The 306 votes against the Government were eight short of the total required for a constitutional "vote of no confidence." M. Coty sent for M. Mendes-France.


**DIED ON JUNE 9 : THE RT. HON.
ARTHUR GREENWOOD.**

The Rt. Hon. Arthur Greenwood died on June 9, aged seventy-four. One of the best-liked and most able leaders of the Labour Party, he won the respect of all who knew him. He held a number of Ministerial posts, including that of Lord Privy Seal, 1945-47, and Paymaster-General, 1946-47. He was chairman of the Labour Party from 1952-53.


**DIED ON JUNE 12 : COXSWAIN
BLOGG, OF CROMER.**

Coxswain Henry George Blogg, of Cromer, holder of the George Cross and the British Empire Medal, died on June 13, aged seventy-eight. He served in Cromer lifeboats for fifty-five years and was coxswain for thirty-eight years. He held a record of life-saving unequalled in the history of the lifeboat service, and thrice won the "Lifeboat V.C."


**THE NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER IN
MALAYA : SIR DONALD MACGILLIVRAY.**

Sir Donald MacGillivray, Deputy High Commissioner for the Federation of Malaya during General Sir Gerald Templer's term of office as High Commissioner, was installed as General Templer's successor in the Legislative Council Chamber in Kuala Lumpur on June 1. He is forty-eight and is the youngest High Commissioner in the history of Malaya.



THE BELGIAN ROYAL FAMILY AT THE CHATEAU OF LAEKEN AFTER THE CONFIRMATION OF PRINCE ALEXANDER: EX-KING LEOPOLD, PRINCESS LILIANE, PRINCESS MARIE CHRISTINE, PRINCE ALEXANDER, PRINCE ALBERT OF LIÈGE (BEHIND), THE HEREDITARY GRAND DUCHESS JEAN OF LUXEMBOURG (FORMERLY PRINCESS JOSEPHINE CHARLOTTE OF BELGIUM) AND KING BAUDOUIN (L. TO R.). PRINCE ALEXANDER IS THE SON OF EX-KING LEOPOLD AND PRINCESS LILIANE.

A SUDDEN DEATH, ROYAL AND NOTABLE OCCASIONS, AND A SPORTING EVENT.



PRINCESS ANNE POINTS OUT SOMETHING TO HER GRANDMOTHER, QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER: THE QUEEN'S DAUGHTER ON THE BUCKINGHAM PALACE BALCONY ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY PARADE DAY JUNE 10. THE DUKE OF CORNWALL IS SEEN, LEFT.



FULFILLING HER FIRST "SOLO" PUBLIC ENGAGEMENT: PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT.

On June 11 Princess Alexandra of Kent carried out her first important public engagement alone when she attended a reception at St. James's Palace given by the Junior Red Cross, of which her Royal Highness is patron. She accepted a jewelled version of the Organisation's badge.



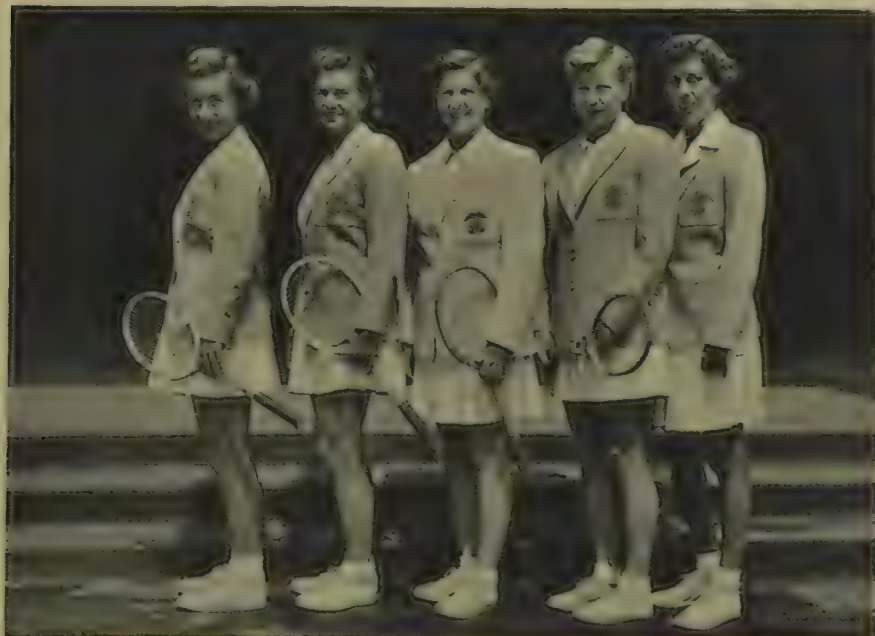
DIED ON JUNE 15: LORD CAMROSE, CHAIRMAN AND EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

Lord Camrose, Editor-in-Chief of the *Daily Telegraph* since 1928, died of a heart attack in a Southampton hospital on June 15, only eight days before his seventy-fifth birthday. He left school at fourteen and at the age of twenty-two he founded the *Advertising World*, the foundation of the great *Berry Brothers'* association. Lord Camrose, who was an outstanding yachtsman, is succeeded in his honours by his eldest son, Major the Hon. John Seymour Berry, who was his deputy on the board of the *Daily Telegraph*. [From a portrait by Maurice Godner.]



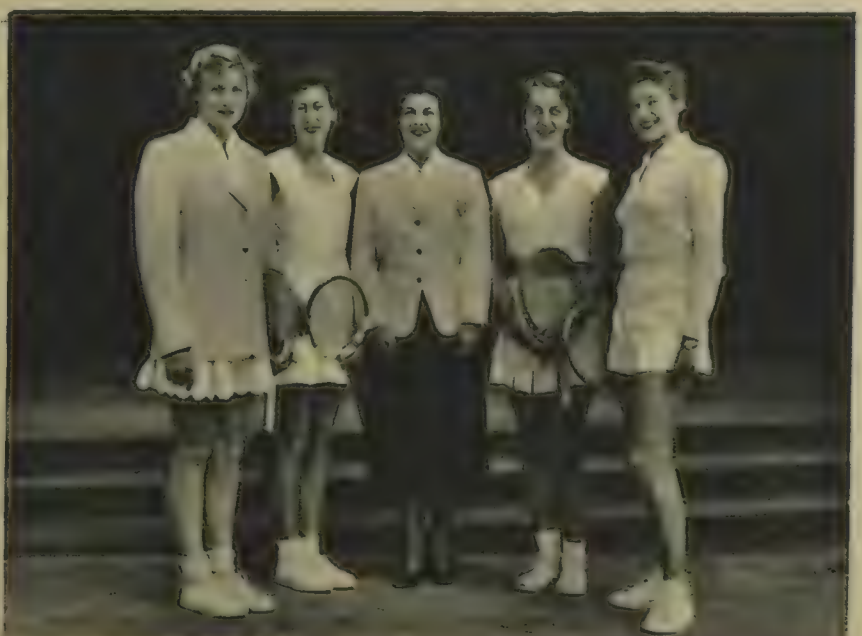
RECIPIENT OF AN HON. LL.D. AT CAMBRIDGE: MISS RUTH DRAPER.

The Hon. Degree of LL.D. was conferred on Miss Ruth Draper, the diseuse, at Cambridge on June 10. She became an Hon. C.B.E. in 1951, and in the same year Edinburgh conferred an Hon. LL.D. on her. In America she has also had honorary degrees conferred on her.



THE AMERICAN WIGHTMAN CUP TEAM, WHO RETAINED THE TROPHY: MISS MAUREEN CONNOLLY, MISS SHIRLEY FRY, MRS. MARGARET DU PONT (CAPTAIN), MISS LOUISE BROUGH AND MISS DORIS HART (L. TO R.).

America retained the Wightman Cup when, after having begun the second day's play at Wimbledon on June 12 with a lead of 3-0, they won the three remaining matches from Great Britain. In the first day's play, Miss Hird and Miss Buxton, two young players, took a set from the redoubtable Miss Brough and



THE BRITISH WIGHTMAN CUP TEAM, WHO LOST TO THE AMERICAN SIDE: MISS ANN SHILCOCK, MISS HELEN FLETCHER, MRS. MARY HALFORD (NON-PLAYING CAPTAIN), MISS PAT HIRD AND MISS ANGELA BUXTON (L. TO R.).

Mrs. du Pont, but lost 2-6, 6-4, 7-5. Miss M. Connolly beat Miss H. M. Fletcher 6-1, 6-3, and Miss D. Hart beat Miss Shilcock 6-4, 6-1. In the second day's play Miss Brough beat Miss A. Buxton 8-6, 6-2, Miss Connolly beat Miss Shilcock 6-2, 6-2, and Miss D. Hart beat Miss Fletcher 6-1, 6-3, 6-2.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

LAURA, JOYCE AND KATE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

LAURA rhymes with Nora. That is about the only real connection between Ibsen's heroine and the heroine of Felicity Douglas's "It's Never Too Late," at the Westminster. And yet, when Laura decided to walk out (and to move in one delirious hop from St. John's Wood, N.W., to

removal men aside—and none of them counts for much. The husband, a barrister, remains muffled in his evening paper. Laura's stepson is a wrangling cipher. The publisher tends his sensitive plant. And the young man who will be Laura's son-in-law is merely a kind of launching platform on which Tessa (who is at a dramatic school) can climb now and then to fire off various emotional rockets. In their several ways, and in order of seniority, Ian Hunter, Anthony Ireland, Gordon Whiting and Hugh Dickson fight the good fight, though I cannot think that they are in love with their parts.

The women's parts are much better. Celia Johnson, as the author of "Summer's Lease," who apparently illustrates the great truth that one writes better in the middle of chaos, glows from the first and continues to glow until the end. Few actresses have her gift of warming the stage and of keeping us receptive by refusing to be stagey. Any forcing, and we should be conscious of the innate triviality of the piece. But while we are in the theatre we do want to know what happens to Laura, and to see her contented (as contented as she can be with the Turret Room denied to her). The dramatist has some of the credit, but most of it is Miss Johnson's. It is uncommon to meet her at the core of a family play; we are glad to have had the experience.

The piece also allows Mary Merrall to be wryly long-suffering (like a self-pitying lemon) as the grandmother, the last kind of parent we would have imagined for Laura, but a useful theatrical part and acted now with acid precision. Josephine Griffin and Jessica Dunning adorn St. John's Wood in a variety of decorative tantrums.

There we are. It is a small comedy, and one that wanders after the first act. Still, it is one of the few "family plays" in London, and when have we had a chance of meeting Miss Johnson as Mum?

Somebody during the Westminster evening says: "I don't understand": the phrase is the theatre's perennial cliché. Joyce Grenfell, at the Fortune, has an ear for the rarer clichés. She collects them, cherishes them, and uses them wittily in an entertainment

which, technically, I suppose, is a revue. It is a party given by the Misses Grenfell, all of them, numbered in tens and dozens, the Edwardian hostess, the "lady writer," the understanding mother, the aunt, the dancers at the Pally, the Continental visitor, a crowd in the single person of an actress with a summoning flash in the eye, a quick flicker of expression, and a voice that is tuned unerringly to Virginia or Tufnell Park, Pont Street or Bloomsbury, or somewhere Scandinavian. There is nothing gayer in London than the best of the Grenfell sketches. I like her just as much when she is wistful, though I imagine that most people will think of her as the divinity of the curiosity shop whose favourite word is "besotted"—this is one of the clichés Miss Grenfell collects—or as the dear, clumping soul, in search of "the music's message," who cannot manage to see anything except a large white horse. Like Laura, Miss Grenfell is an "understanding mother" and a



"IT IS A SMALL COMEDY, AND ONE THAT WANDERS AFTER THE FIRST ACT. STILL, IT IS ONE OF THE FEW 'FAMILY PLAYS' IN LONDON, AND WHEN HAVE WE HAD A CHANCE OF MEETING MISS JOHNSON AS MUM?" "IT'S NEVER TOO LATE" (WESTMINSTER), SHOWING A SCENE FROM FELICITY DOUGLAS'S PLAY, WITH (L. TO R.) CHARLES HAMMOND (IAN HUNTER), ANNE HAMMOND (JESSICA DUNNING), JOHN HAMMOND (GORDON WHITING), LAURA HAMMOND (CELIA JOHNSON), GRANNIE (MARY MERRALL), AND TESSA HAMMOND (JOSEPHINE GRIFFIN).

Hollywood, Cal.) I seemed to hear somewhere, a very long way off, the sound of a slamming door. Like Nora, the woman was making a gesture, announcing her freedom. Unlike Nora, she came back.

I don't propose to labour this, because no one would be more surprised than Miss Douglas to have Ibsen dragged into a review of a frivolous family play. It is amiable comedy in which the women have all the fun, and the men are dummies: even Dora Bryan, in the St. Martin's revue, might find it hard to get "chummy" with them. Still, "A Doll's House" did slip into mind during the first interval, maybe because I felt Celia Johnson might be better occupied as Nora, and also because I had a sudden frenzied vision of Ibsen and Hollywood in an uncomfortable marriage.

Laura, married nineteen years, is a St. John's Wood housewife who appears to be a suppressed genius. When she is not soothing her family, acting as nurse, companion, cook and mentor-in-chief, she is writing novels with remarkable ease and zest. Mothers may grumble, babies may cry, lovers may quarrel, but Laura will find time somehow to scribble away at Chapter Eighteen. Why, then, "suppressed"? Simply because she feels she has no chance to blossom. If only she had the Turret Room and a little peace, she would be happy. Although she pines for that Turret Room (Ibsen might have gone symbolical here and called in a wild duck), she never gets to it, and at the end of the play it is as far away from her as ever.

The point is that she cannot write except in a flurry of noise, in a general muddle. Put her high up in a Knightsbridge flat, with double windows and the world sealed off from her, and nothing at all happens. The play covers some ten months of Laura's life, and this is the time it takes her to realise that, in trying to escape from her family for the benefit of her art, she is doing no good either to her art or to the family.

I cannot believe in Laura or in her novel, "Summer's Lease," which before publication has Hollywood raving for the author's film scripts. And I cannot believe in the triumphant play-from-the-book, or in the persistent squabbling of the family, or in the Knightsbridge flat that an ardent publisher finds for Laura, or in the publisher himself. But I can see that Felicity Douglas writes cunningly theatrical family dialogue, and that she looks at some of her characters with a dramatist's eye, considering them less as human beings than as neat,actable parts. This is only a middling piece, and yet, given a little luck, it may come through. Laura's tale, a tea-cup-storm, can be many playgoers' cup of tea.

Miss Douglas is a feminist. She has four male characters—a pair of harmless



"JOYCE GRENFELL . . . HAS AN EAR FOR THE RARER CLICHÉS. SHE COLLECTS THEM, CHERISHES THEM, AND USES THEM WITTILY IN AN ENTERTAINMENT WHICH, TECHNICALLY, I SUPPOSE, IS A REVUE": "JOYCE GRENFELL REQUESTS THE PLEASURE" (FORTUNE THEATRE), SHOWING JOYCE GRENFELL, WHO HAS WRITTEN ALL HER OWN MATERIAL, IN "SONGS OF MANY LANDS."

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"COCKLES AND CHAMPAGNE" (Saville).—An ambitious revue that, on first acquaintance, proved to be as indigestible as the title. The menu needed re-planning. (May 31.)
 "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—This re-cast production from 1953 is, so far, the crown of the Festival. (June 1.)
 "JOYCE GRENFELL REQUESTS THE PLEASURE" (Fortune).—And we are happy to accept. Miss Grenfell is our wittiest hostess. (June 2.)
 "IT'S NEVER TOO LATE" (Westminster).—A moderate family play in which the women have all the luck. The dramatist is lucky, too, with Celia Johnson to create her principal part. (June 3.)



"STRATFORD'S BEST PRODUCTION THIS SUMMER": THE REVIVAL OF GEORGE DEVINE'S 1953 PRODUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE'S "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW" AT THE MEMORIAL THEATRE, SHOWING BARBARA JEFFORD "WITH COAL-BLACK HAIR AND EYES OF FIRE" AS KATE, AND KEITH MICHELL AS A SWASHING PETRUCHIO.

"lady writer"—not that Laura has much in common with this alarmingly coy (and alarmingly professional) writer of the machine-turned children's stories: high priestess of the Hidey-Hole. I should have said that the night is called "Joyce Grenfell Requests The Pleasure": and that three dancers, Beryl Kaye, Paddy Stone, Irving Davies, have their inventive share in a performance we shall remember.

I doubt whether memory will be kind to "Cockles and Champagne" (Saville). Cecil Landeau has collected some talented people, mostly feminine—talents as various as those of Phyllis Neilson-Terry, a gracious presence unexpected in this setting, and of Miriam Karlin, blithely strident—and he has tried to provide spaciouly for those who need more than the witty concentration of intimate revue. But the talents have not come together well; we are left to hope that an entertainment curiously tentative at first will shape itself and grow better by-and-by.

A women's week ends with Shakespeare's Katharina at Padua-upon-Avon. I am reminded of Stephano's song, in the other play, about the master, the swabber, and the rest, who "loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery, But none of us cared for Kate, For she had a tongue with a tang. . . ." Certainly Kate has in "The Taming of the Shrew," and Barbara Jefford, with coal-black hair and eyes of fire, uses it to good purpose in the Stratford revival of George Devine's

1953 production. (We do care for this Kate.) Keith Michell's swashing Petruchio, Leo McKern's tricky Grumio, and William Devlin, who makes a figure of the Lord, and who has to be on the stage for nearly three hours (silent most of the time), help us to enjoy Stratford's best production this summer: the taming that is never tame, the play staged for the benefit of a tinker whom Miss Grenfell would undoubtedly call "besotted," and who fancies at the last that he has had as rare a dream as Bottom the Weaver.

THE QUEEN REVIEWS THE R.N.V.R. FOR THE FIRST TIME, AND OTHER "WAVY NAVY" JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS.



ACCOMPANIED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH; H.M. THE QUEEN, WEARING A MACKINTOSH AND HOLDING AN UMBRELLA, INSPECTING A SECTION OF RATINGS DURING THE FIRST REVIEW OF THE R.N.V.R.

CELEBRATIONS of the Golden Jubilee of the R.N.V.R., formed on June 30, 1903, were held this year, as they could not take place in Coronation year. The review of a parade of over 2000 officers and ratings by the Queen—the first review in the history of the R.N.V.R.—was held on Horse Guards Parade on one of the wettest June days in living memory, and the fly-past of the Air Divisions had to be cancelled. The Queen inspected the Royal Guard under the command of Lieut.-Commander R. S. Richards, and, after a service of dedication and remembrance, her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh completed the inspection of the parade from a jeep. In her address the Queen spoke of the proud record of the "Wavy Navy" in two wars, and mentioned the two-year-old W.R.N.V.R. At Portsmouth thirteen R.N.V.R. ships assembled, and on June 8 the new coastal minesweeper *Alverton* was officially handed over to the London Division R.N.V.R. and renamed *Thames*.



THE MARCH-PAST ON THE RAIN-SOAKED HORSE GUARDS PARADE ON JUNE 12; HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE ARE SEEN ON THE PLATFORM (L.) AT THE SALUTING-BASE, WITH H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT, CHIEF COMMANDANT W.R.N.S., IN UNIFORM.



SHAKING HANDS WITH CAPTAIN J. A. CREED, R.N.V.R., PARADE COMMANDER AND COMMANDING OFFICER THE LONDON DIVISION R.N.V.R.; HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN ON ARRIVAL, WITH (CENTRE) MR. THOMAS, THE FIRST LORD.



REVIEWING THE PARADE OF OVER 2000 OFFICERS AND RATINGS OF THE R.N.V.R.—THE "WAVY NAVY"—FROM A JEEP: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH. THE OCCASION WAS THE FIRST REVIEW OF THE R.N.V.R. EVER HELD.



AFTER UNVEILING THE PLAQUE "TO OFFICERS WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES FOR THE GOOD OF MANKIND" AT THE R.N.V.R. CLUB ON JUNE 13: ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET VISCOUNT CUNNINGHAM OF HYNDHOPE.



MOORED ALONGSIDE AT PORTSMOUTH AFTER HAVING BROUGHT DETACHMENTS FOR THE FIRST REVIEW OF THE R.N.V.R., ON HORSE GUARDS PARADE: R.N.V.R. MINESWEEPERS.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. PORTABLE TEA AND OTHER THINGS.

By FRANK DAVIS.



THE basso-relievo of Fig. 1 must be familiar enough to many millions of the world's inhabitants but may not be easily identified by other millions who have not yet made the golden journey to Samarkand, have not wandered freely over the vast deserts of Central Asia, nor have found themselves looking at it in the entrance hall of the Tea Centre in London. It is oddly reminiscent of a stone slab of the Han Dynasty (206 B.C.-A.D. 220), and of those little pottery figurines in the round illustrating the daily life of the times which the Chinese were obliging enough to put in their tombs—not, of course, for our benefit but so that the dead should have servants and animals to accompany them in the land of shadows. It is none of these things, nor is it stone or pottery, nor is it old. It is a tea-brick—that is, tea mixed with I don't know what and pressed into this shape so that it can be carried conveniently on camels or ponies or yaks along the mediæval trade routes to distant Tibet or Khotan or Bokhara or the Asiatic provinces of Russia. How long has tea been transported in this manner, which seems so eminently practical considering what a bulky commodity it is? No one so far can provide me with the answer, though I may not yet have found the right person to ask.

There appear to be two kinds of brick tea: one made from siftings and dust, the other from leaves and stems. Designs vary from a simple trade mark to the charming scene of the illustration. Another reproduces the old Russian Imperial arms, which occupy nearly the whole space available. In a photograph this brick, clearly made for the Russian market, looks very like very fine leather book-binding. No doubt to-day this symbol has been replaced by the hammer and sickle, the great double-headed eagle having served its turn. I wonder whether anyone in the trade has made a collection of such bricks? They should be interesting, and it should be possible to deduce their age from the style of the decoration. True, tea-bricks are by their nature expendable, but the moulds from which they were made could well have survived in odd corners. I await enlightenment from crudite tea-men; and so home to Europe,

but by easy stages, for Fig. 2 owes at least as much to the original home of tea, as to the ingenuity of our own people; indeed, anyone not familiar with the countless eighteenth-century imitations of Chinese porcelain in every country could easily mistake this for an importation from the Far East, which, if the truth be known, is probably what the maker intended.

The design of the "Jumping Boy" is known on a few rare Bow specimens, and has in this case been copied by Liverpool about 1760 with singular grace, though the border, as compared with Chinese precision, is a trifle woolly, and the lady is clearly half-way between East and West—but its drawing is nice and

free, with a proper understanding of the virtues of white space—plenty of room for the boy to jump without bumping his head, as it were. But I doubt whether the Chinese would have approved of a repetition of this little scene on the outside of the cup; they would have found that lacking in imagination. They would also point out that the figures on the outside are too big for the space available. None the less, by our standards, it is a most agreeable piece of work.

With the cup and saucer of Fig. 3 we are down to earth and very English indeed. Period, about 1740-45, maker Whieldon and, I am informed, the only cup and

but are mixed up haphazard, a little resembling some of the pieces which have survived from the Tang Dynasty in China—a purely fortuitous resemblance, for no one in the eighteenth century, least of all the rustic craftsman of Staffordshire, had ever heard of the Tang Dynasty (A.D. 680-960), much less seen any of its products.

Tradition suggests that agate figures were from the hand of John Astbury (1688-1743), while the table ware was developed by his talented pupil Thomas Whieldon (1719-1795), who was not only an enterprising technician in his own right, but the man from whom the next generation of potters—Josiah Spode and Josiah Wedgwood, for example—acquired its early training, the results of which are still with us to-day in the shape of great businesses known the world over. This marbled appearance was apparently in favour as early as the second half of the seventeenth century, for there's a fine slipware dish in the Victoria and Albert Museum, the design of which was produced by dragging a wire brush here and there over the two-colour liquid clay, just as early moulded paper was made; later—a hundred years later—a similar effect was attained by the use of surface printing. In between, as developed by Whieldon, the striations went right through the body by means of vari-coloured clays placed one above the other, and then, depending upon the pattern desired, doubled over or rolled up and afterwards cut with a wire. From the main mass of clay thus prepared thin slices were cut and carefully pressed into moulds; a somewhat delicate operation if the pattern of the striations was to be preserved. It is not surprising that such a comparatively laborious process should have been found too expensive, perhaps too clumsy for ordinary commercial purposes. Moreover, it could scarcely be said to lend itself to gaiety, and the time had come when pottery must begin to compete with porcelain in both quality and colour.

Agate ware was too austere to be popular for long, and there was salt-glaze begging to be painted in enamel colours and setting out to imitate the wonderful productions of the Far East and of Meissen. Rough

though it is, it is a very fair substitute for the real thing. According to Simeon Shaw, the earliest historian of the Potteries—his book was published in 1829—the first enamelling ovens in the district were established by two Dutchmen about 1750, with the express purpose of decorating salt-glaze in bright colours, and their example was soon followed by others. The Potteries went gay. The experts conjecture—they are by no means dogmatic on the point—that it may be these Dutchmen who were first responsible for adaptations of Chinese themes; alternatively, that many pieces may have been sent to Delft "in the white" and painted there. As in porcelain, so in Stafford-

shire pottery, identification of the various enamellers, if not by name by style, is difficult and entertaining. Much of it is guess-work, which sometimes proves correct as fresh evidence turns up—perhaps from parish records or a chance purchase of some piece or other obviously painted by the same hand as certain known pieces—and thus gradually, over many years, a distinct personality emerges, even though his name is unknown.



FIG. 1. BEARING DESIGNS FROM THE "CHINESE DAILY LIFE" SERIES: A TEA-BRICK, WHICH IS "ODDLY REMINISCENT OF A STONE SLAB OF THE HAN DYNASTY."

This object, Frank Davis writes, is "oddly reminiscent of a stone slab of the Han Dynasty (206 B.C.-A.D. 220), and of those little pottery figurines in the round illustrating the daily life of the times which the Chinese were obliging enough to put in their tombs. . . . It is none of these things, nor is it stone or pottery, nor is it old. It is a tea-brick—that is, tea mixed with I don't know what and pressed into this shape so that it can be carried conveniently on camels or ponies or yaks . . ."

saucer of this particular pattern which have been traced, though considerable quantities must have been turned out; but, of course, rough pottery made



FIG. 2. A LIVERPOOL IMITATION OF CHINESE PORCELAIN: A CUP AND SAUCER, c. 1760, WITH THE "JUMPING BOY" PATTERN AS MADE AT THE BOW FACTORY.

"The design of the 'Jumping Boy' is known on a few rare Bow specimens, and has in this case been copied by Liverpool about 1760 with singular grace, though the border, as compared with Chinese precision, is a trifle woolly, and the lady is clearly half-way between East and West. . . . None the less, by our standards, it is a most agreeable piece of work."

for ordinary use is bound to suffer more than the normal casualties. I should add that other cups and saucers, similar though not identical, do exist in several collections. This veined ware, with its characteristic striations, belongs to that large class of early Staffordshire pottery which is generally classified as agate ware, a term which in current parlance—not inaccurately, but perhaps loosely—is extended to include those specimens in which the striations do not, as here, give the appearance of more or less regularly veined marble



FIG. 3. VERY ENGLISH INDEED: A WHIELDON CUP AND SAUCER OF VEINED WARE, c. 1740-45.

"This veined ware, with its characteristic striations, belongs to that large class of early Staffordshire pottery which is generally classified as agate ware. . . . The example illustrated is stated to be the only cup and saucer of this type that have been traced though other cups and saucers, similar though not identical, do exist. (From Mr. A. T. Morley Hewitt's Collection.)"

Illustrations by courtesy of the Tea Bureau.



EIGHT-NATION TELEVISION IN EUROPE: A MAP SHOWING THE EIGHT-COUNTRY LINK-UP IN THE COMPLEX 4000-MILE-LONG CHAIN OF RELAYS.
Europe's first television network of forty-six transmitters in eight countries came into action on June 6, and the results more than realised the hopes of the engineers taking part in the experiment. For a month the programme and technical resources of Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Switzerland and Great Britain are being pooled in the operation of the world's most complex television network. Programmes are being transmitted in turn from each country to all the others.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE: A RECORD OF INVENTION, ACHIEVEMENT AND RESTORATION.



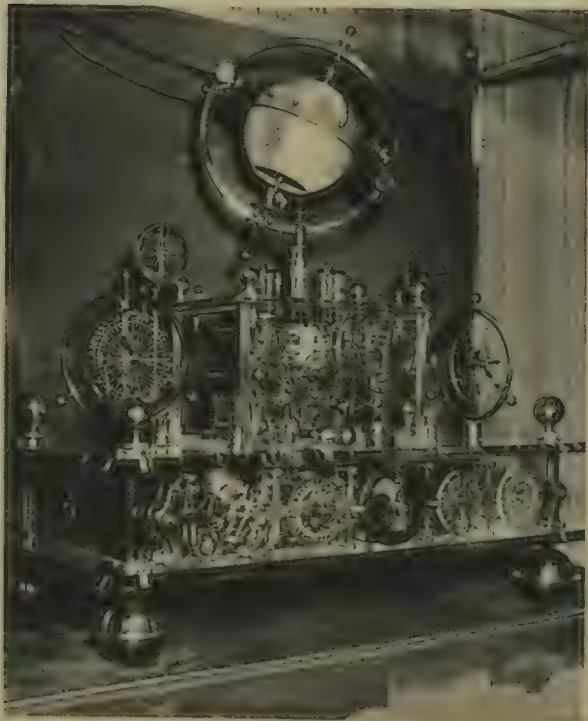
SEEN AND HEARD BY PEOPLE IN EIGHT COUNTRIES: THE POPE GIVING AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE TELEVISION CAMERA IN THE CONSISTORY HALL OF THE VATICAN ON JUNE 6.



THE FASTEST MAN ON EARTH: LIEUT.-COLONEL JOHN P. STAPP, OF THE U.S. AIR FORCE, WHO RODE A ROCKET-PROPELLED SLEDGE AT 421 M.P.H.
Lieut.-Colonel J. P. Stapp, of the U.S. Air Force, became the fastest man on earth when he rode a rocket-propelled sledge at a speed of 421 m.p.h. at Holloman Air Force Base, Alamogordo, New Mexico, in March. It is claimed to be the highest speed ever reached by man on the ground.



TO BE REPAIRED: THE COLOSSEUM IN ROME, SHOWING AN ALARMING CLOSE-UP OF ONE OF THE CRACKED ARCHES.
The growth of weeds in the cracks of the Colosseum in Rome has made some repair work a matter of urgency, and the Rome City authorities have decided to inject cement into the more dangerous cracks to strengthen the fabric.



(LEFT.) TRULY ASTRO-NOMICAL: A CLOCK EXHIBITED IN PARIS BY ITS MAKER, F. J. SENAC, WHICH TELLS THE HOUR IN EVERY COUNTRY OF THE WORLD, PHASES OF THE MOON, SIDEREAL TIME, SOLAR TIME AND MUCH ELSE.



(RIGHT.) TO BE PRESERVED IN HONOURABLE RETIREMENT AFTER A LONG WORKING LIFE: I.C.I. LOCOMOTIVE NO. 4.
Our photograph shows Mr. R. C. Bond, Chief Officer (Mechanical Engineering) British Transport Commission, inspecting I.C.I. Locomotive No. 4 after taking it over at I.C.I. Metals Division's Kynoch Works at Birmingham on June 4. Later it will be taken to Crewe—which it left in 1865.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THE question *What does that prove?* has really no place in a work of art. If it is raised, to leave it hanging in suspense is very irritating—and usually an affectation. "The Bridge on the River Kwai," by Pierre Boulle (Secker and Warburg; 10s. 6d.), must be described as guilty on both counts, and somewhat less than credible into the bargain. Yet, to confound the rules once more, it is a fascinating little tragi-comedy, painful and laughable in the same breath, exciting all the way, and food for thought even although one can't quite swallow it.

Its hero, Colonel Nicholson, has eyes "the colour of the Indian Ocean on a calm day," and features always in repose. If the débâcle at Singapore caused him dismay or shame, these are unmentioned and invisible; his only visible concern is to prevent young officers from clearing out. Escape, in his view, would be insubordinate; their duty is to await the Japanese, and make a quietly dignified surrender. Thereafter, he imposes Spartan discipline on his own men, and launches calm, reiterated protests, backed by the "Manual of Military Law," each time the conquerors exceed their right. Beating has no effect on him whatever. And usually he gains his point, simply by keeping on at it.

But the grand clash is still ahead. The Japanese are employing 60,000 prisoners on their new jungle railway to the Bay of Bengal; and Colonel Nicholson and his contingent fetch up on the River Kwai, under a drunken hooligan named Saito. Their chief task is to build a bridge; and, as in other camps, the officers are ordered to do manual work. This is, of course, improper; and without heat, in a long, reasoned exposition, based on the enemy's own interest—since officers are far more useful in command—the Colonel puts his foot down. After some weeks of torture and starvation he is just the same, while Saito is a nervous wreck. The British other ranks, left to themselves, are making nonsense of the job; violence has failed, and there is nothing for it but capitulation. So Colonel Nicholson takes over. The thing will be to scrap the whole mess and begin again—only, of course, in their own way. And once again Saito capitulates. Henceforth the British are in charge; the men, though crippled skeletons, work till they drop; and the "baboons" look humbly on, while a sound, beautiful, majestic bridge appears to grow into the air. The Colonel's triumph is complete—and, in effect, identical with whole-hearted collaboration.

Meanwhile, the "Plastic and Destructions Company" have dropped three men into the jungle. They are in quest of something to blow up; and this unique bridge seems the very thing.

The end is painful, and the Colonel is a shade too much. But for all that he is superb; and the initial theme, of his oppression and ascendancy, would make a brilliant little anecdote. There is no painfulness till the Commandos come.

OTHER FICTION.

"Executive Suite," by Cameron Hawley (Hammond; 12s. 6d.), makes it quite clear what is being proved—namely, that the head of a large furniture company (and doubtless any firm on the same scale) must be a superman and universal genius. Like Avery Bullard of the Treadway Corporation, who can "out-think" anyone at his own job, and captivates the strong by his régime of fear. Which may be great work while it lasts; but when the Titan is removed, what will become of the whole outfit?

Here we are shown what does become of it. Avery Bullard is no more; he has dropped dead of cerebral hemorrhage during a visit to New York, as he was about to get into a taxi. And he had yet to choose an heir apparent. Now it must go by vote, and all the secret tensions on the board will become open war. Only not yet awhile; for a few hours the body in the street is unidentified. Which makes a space for the past history of all concerned, together with a footnote on the town and on the Treadway Company, and glimpses of its daily life under King Bullard. And then the battle joins. It is quite fierce to start with—but not *à outrance*, as you might expect. For all the time one claimant was a superman in embryo; and when he breaks out of the chrysalis and stands revealed, his rivals instantly bow down.

This novel is a triumph of technique. It cuts no ice in a close-up, but it is wonderfully copious and varied as it flows along.

"Galatea," by James M. Cain (Robert Hale; 8s. 6d.), is not concerned with proving anything. It is a story pure and simple—and an extremely odd, terse, atmospheric and accomplished story.

Duke, the narrator, started as a light-heavyweight without a punch—it turned out that he couldn't hit for money. So he declined into a sparring partner. Then, since he *could* hit in a rage, he broke the champion's jaw, went on the run, finally lost his head and "pulled a stick-up." And the police handed him to "Mr. Val," who has a restaurant business and a little farm in Maryland. As it is haunted by Wilkes Booth, hired men won't stay, and, anyhow, he prefers bond-slaves. Duke is enslaved to him by fear of gaol; and Mrs. Val, a kind, sweet woman sickening to look at, is enslaved by greed. Val married her married him for food, and he is hourly stuffing her into the grave. But now the two serfs become loving friends; and Duke, who specialised in diet at the training camp, slowly evokes her true shape from its mound of fat. A curious prelude to romance—and to a scene of midnight, husbandly revenge that puts the killer underground and his near-victims in the dock.

"Shroud of Darkness," by E. C. R. Lorac (Collins; 9s. 6d.), opens on the Cornish express to Paddington, in an infernal fog. The boy in Sarah Dillon's carriage, at first quite chatty, seems distracted by the thickening air—and after Reading, where two new passengers get in, falls into such a state that she is afraid he may be epileptic. Then at the terminus he rushes after them. . . . Later he is picked up by the railway police, savagely battered on the head and just alive. There is no clue to his identity; and it is Sarah's slender help that leads Chief Inspector Macdonald to a wild farm on the Devon moors, and his colleague to a North London pub. This first part is extremely taking. When once the victim has been traced, things are not quite the same; but they are good enough. K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

SPOKEN WORDS AND NORTH BRITONS.

IF he had written nothing else except "Sinister Street," "Athenian Memories" and that delightful satire on the Civil Service, "The Red Tape Worm" (and he has written an enormous amount else), I would still class Sir Compton Mackenzie as one of my very favourite authors. His latest book "Echoes" (Chatto and Windus; 10s. 6d.) is a reprint of some of his most popular broadcasts since the war. Some of them do not altogether stand up to the passage of years, such as one on modernism and progress, made in 1948. But Sir Compton must be forgiven. Those were happy halcyon days when we were all Socialists still and the B.B.C. was an outpost of Transport House. But the rest is pure gold. Even his memories of Henry James, a writer who makes small appeal to my generation—just as I see that the other day a bookish gentleman informs me that Belloc is to undergo an

eclipse with the young—make that character come to life (I cannot, however, ever quite get out of my head Philip Guedalla's crack about Henry James: "There were three James, James I., James II. and James the Old Pretender"). While, too, I cannot go all the way with Sir Compton in his enthusiasm for Lord Mountbatten's "achievement" in India, his picture of India at the time of the change-over is vivid and temperate. Sir Compton is at his best when he is reminiscing. Among the many privileges which have been accorded to Sir Compton in what is now a long life was that of knowing Tim Healy well. It was Tim Healy of the lightning wit who, as he recounts, scored so happily over Lord Glenavy, then Mr. Campbell, Q.C. Mr. Campbell "waxed emotionally eloquent about the wrong done to his client by the co-respondent, who was seated in the well of the court."

"And let me tell you, gentlemen of the jury, and let me tell the co-respondent"—fixing him with a stern eye—"that the tale of what my client has had to suffer at his hands has brought tears to my eyes." Up jumped Tim Healy in a flash, his dark beard wagging. "My Lord and gentlemen of the jury, you have now witnessed the greatest miracle since Moses struck the rock."

What a happy chance it was that Sir Compton, as he himself reveals, so successfully resisted family pressure to turn himself into a Civil Servant. He has that secret of eternal youth, zest and curiosity—that curiosity which, when a man loses it, leaves him finished. A charming book.

Another book which fascinated me was "The Painted Men," by T. C. Lethbridge (Andrew Melrose; 16s.). As its name implies, this is about the Picts—the slang name given by the Romans for the painted men (actually they were tattooed) who lived in the North of Britain and came to be called Scots, just as the Scots came to be called Irish. They were the forefathers of a race which, he claims, were never successfully conquered down to the present day (I seem to have heard of an unpleasant individual of the name of the Duke of Cumberland!), and his reconstruction of their history and their way of life is lively and exciting—whatever other archaeologists and ancient historians of the donnish type may have to say. In his Scottish (or should I say Pictish?) enthusiasm he is, I think, a little unfair on the Romans. In one breath he taunts them for not having successfully conquered the wild tribes in North Britain among their bogs, forests and heather; in the next he reproaches the Romans for never having had enough troops to carry out the task. Given the maximum strength of the Romans in Britain—four legions, i.e., 24,000 men, excluding auxiliaries, most of whom were, as he said, engaged in garrison duty—their achievement in conquering and holding down so much of Britain for a period as long as that which separates us from Elizabeth I., is almost incredible. I am indebted to Mr. Lethbridge particularly for two things. The first is his interesting explanation of what happened to the 9th Legion, which marched north from York about A.D. 117 and simply vanished—with all its auxiliaries and camp followers, wives and headquarters staff—from history. His theory is that they were sent to garrison at least fifty posts at a time when the north was in revolt, and were destroyed, piecemeal but totally—as, alas, the French posts are being destroyed in Indo-China. The other is a quotation from Xenophon. (He uses it to describe the classical method of attack on a hill fort): "When everything was ready and the captains and lieutenants and other officers who considered themselves just as good men as their immediate superiors. . . ." The italics are mine, and the Greeks have not changed much with the centuries!

Dr. Maurice Burton, the author of "Living Fossils" (Thames and Hudson; 21s.), is always a source of great pleasure to me, as, I feel, he is to other readers of *The Illustrated London News*. Scientists, on the whole, either alarm or anger me. Dr. Burton, however, combines a learning which I feel sure must impress his fellow-scientists—particularly in his own field of zoology—with a lightness of touch which must attract the general reader. In his latest book he deals with all the curious survivals in our midst, including the coelacanth, which so startled the scientists a little while ago. Unlike many scientists, he keeps

an open mind, and the chapter on Monsters and Mystery Animals, including creatures like the Loch Ness Monster, undreamt of in the average scientist's philosophy, is, for me, the most exciting in this interesting book.

"Man, Time and Fossils," by Ruth Moore (Cape; 21s.), is largely an account of the activities, journeyings, discoveries and theories of the evolutionists. Being a trifle suspicious of these ground-shifting gentry, I found it less satisfying, though I had a happy chuckle over the additional, slightly embarrassed, note on the Piltdown exposure which made, if one may put it like that, such a monkey out of them.

Dr. Burton believes that one of the places where creatures unknown to present-day science may exist is in Central Africa. Having flown for hour after hour over that terrifying expanse of unbroken jungle I can well believe him. "Fabulous Congo," by Felice Bellotti (Dakers; 30s.), a magnificently illustrated description of one of the best governed and richest of African territories by a well-known Italian journalist, confirms my belief. The Belgian Congo is fabulous in every way, and this book admirably brings that home to me. E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

ILFORD or Scunthorpe was the option this Whitsuntide. Though Ilford's was the bigger and more important congress, I am glad I plumped for friendly little Scunthorpe, which the enthusiasm of G. H. Simmons and J. T. Jarvis and the kindly patronage of the club's president, Lieut.-Commander G. W. Wells, R.N., have made one of the bright spots on the chess map of England.

Sixty-two competed in the five events and some excellent chess was played by Northern amateurs whose names would be common currency were they only able to spare more time for the game.

My game against the Yorkshire champion, J. H. Beaty, led to two curious cross-roads.

BEATY (Black)



WOOD (White)

Here he played, rather brilliantly,

20. . . . Kt-B6

The idea being that, if 21. K×Kt? then 21. . . . Kt×Pch wins my queen. Any other move except by the rook on my KKt results in the demise of that rook with check. So:

21. R-Kt3 Kt×R 22. B×Kt

and I am left with B, B and P for Kt and R: quite a good bargain, once I can get my bishops into play. The next nineteen moves had to be played by Black at breakneck pace as he had already used up most of his time, so it is not surprising that I eventually made progress.

22. . . . R-K2	28. K-R2	R-Q2
23. B-B3 Q-Kt8	29. P-Kt5	Kt-K2
24. K-B3 R-Q8	30. B-Q4	P-Kt3
25. B-K2 R-Kt8	31. B-Kt4	Kt-B4
26. R-Kt2 R×R	32. Q-Q3	
27. K×R Q-Kt3ch		

The second cross-roads. I had intended 32. Q-B6, but now observed that Black could secure a favourable ending by 32. . . . Q×Q; 33. P×Q, R×B!

34. P×R, Kt×P.

As the game went

32. . . . Kt×B 34. K-Kt3 RP×Q

33. Q×Q Kt-B6ch 35. B×R

How much better is the endgame! I keep my extra pawn and have a pawn on QKt5, holding back Black's queen's side pawns, instead of on QB6, allowing the QKtP to "run."

Narrow indeed may be the margin between the right move and the wrong.

Better than either 32. Q-Q3 or 33. Q-B6 may be 33. Q-R4, which seems a most cumbersome way round but can cause havoc on Black's back rank.

for her good birth; she married him for food, and he is hourly stuffing her into the grave. But now the two serfs become loving friends; and Duke, who specialised in diet at the training camp, slowly evokes her true shape from its mound of fat. A curious prelude to romance—and to a scene of midnight, husbandly revenge that puts the killer underground and his near-victims in the dock.

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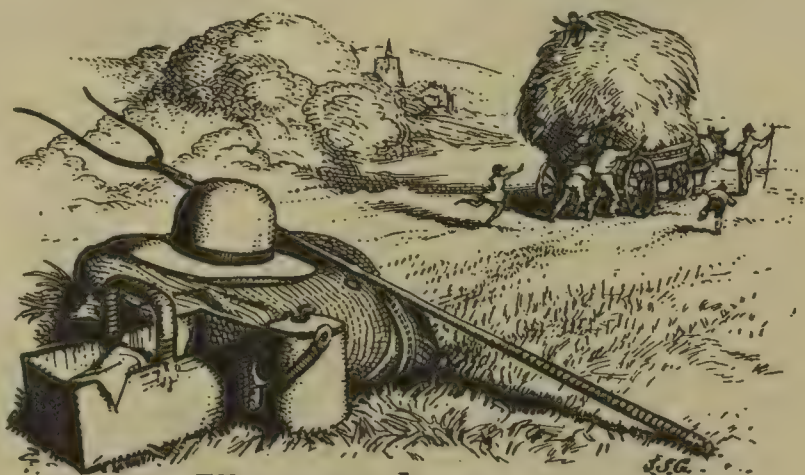
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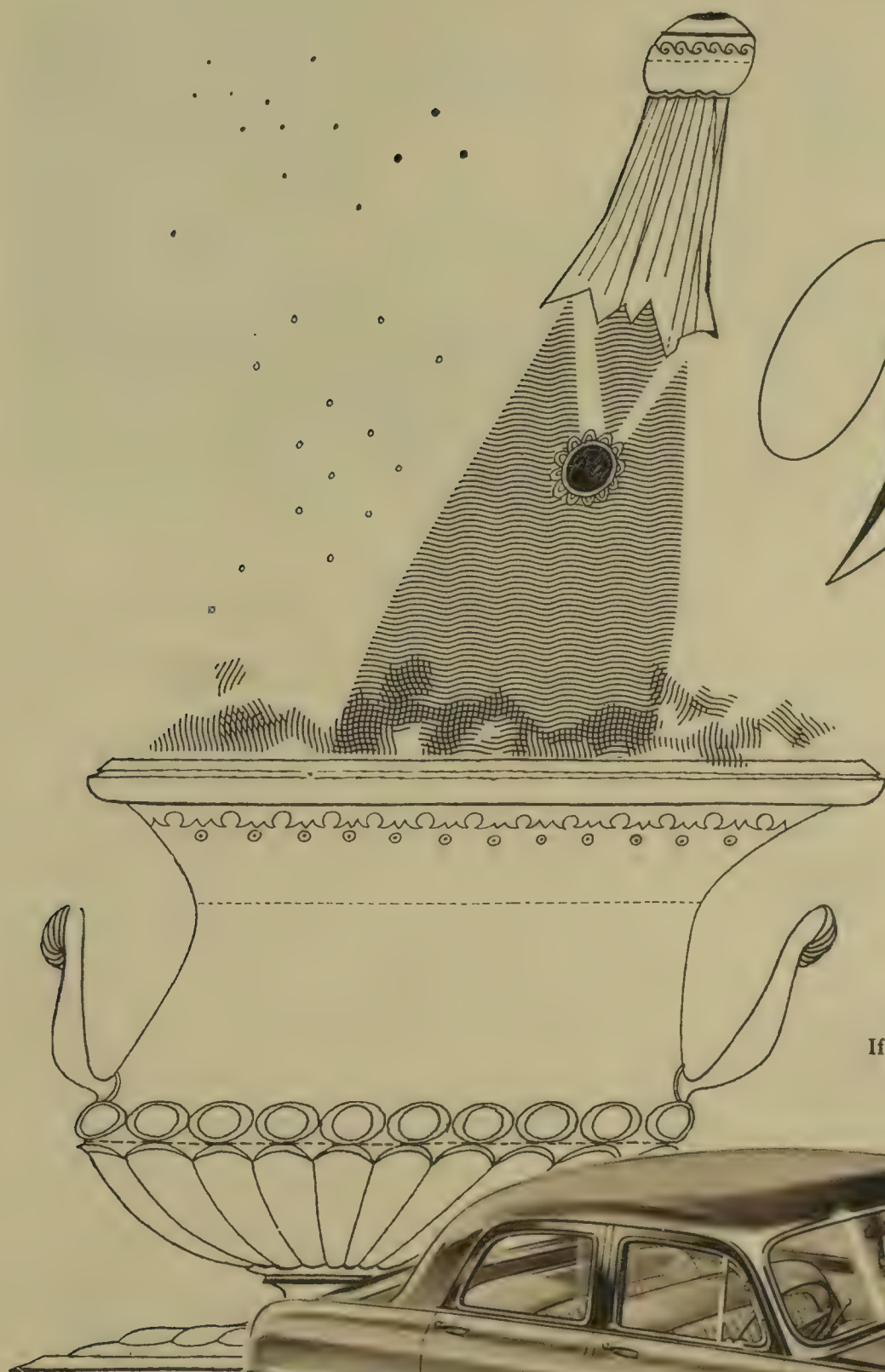


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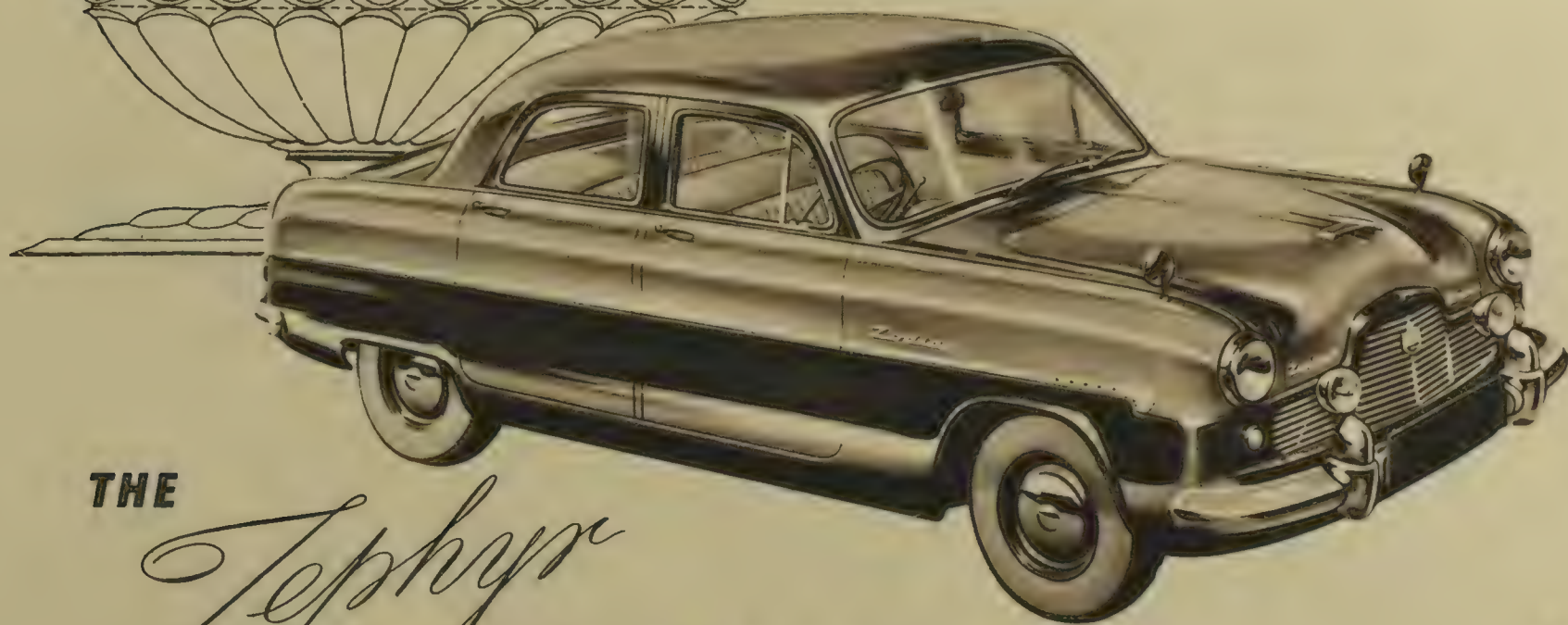


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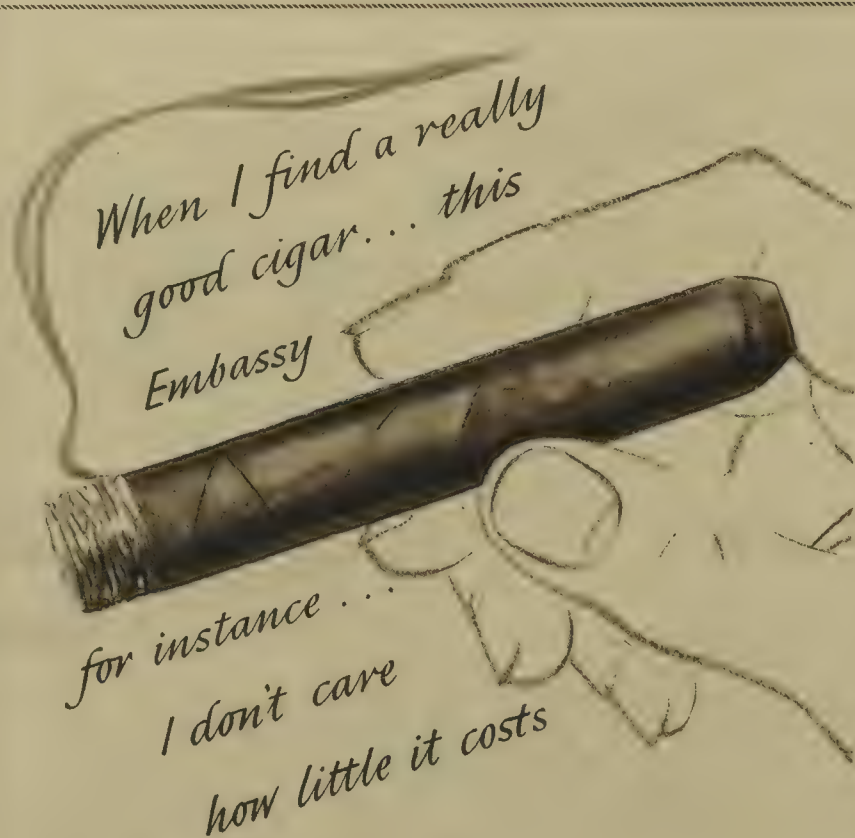


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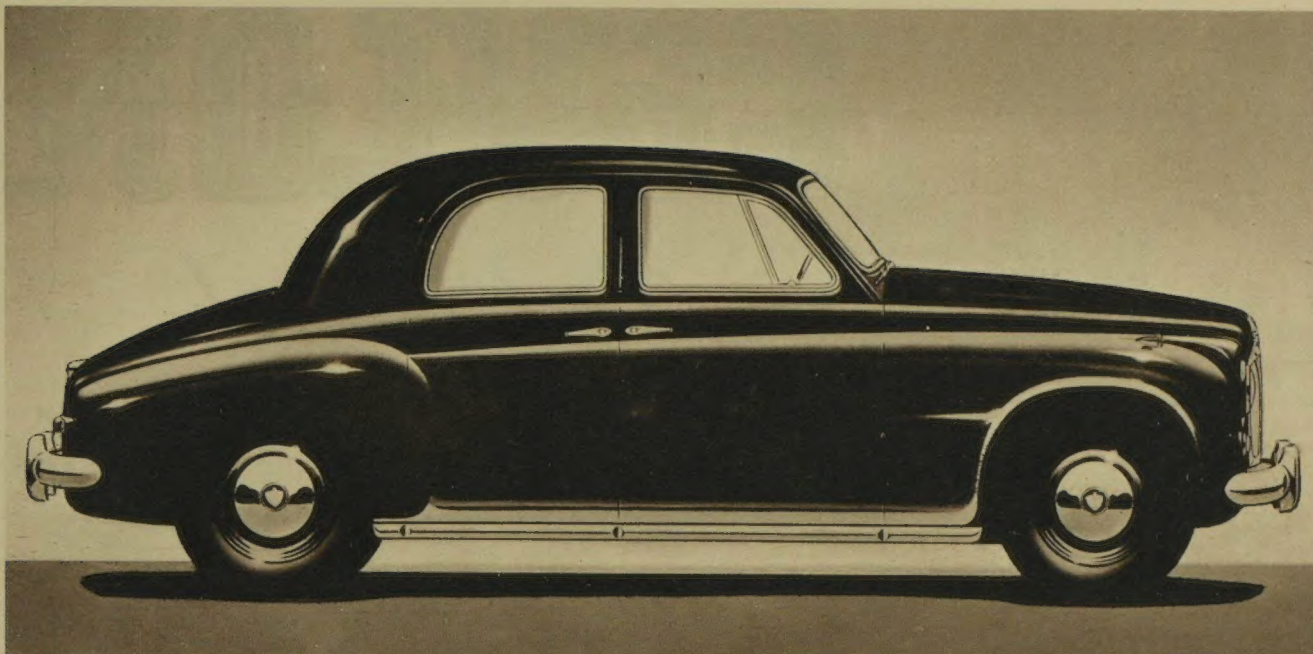
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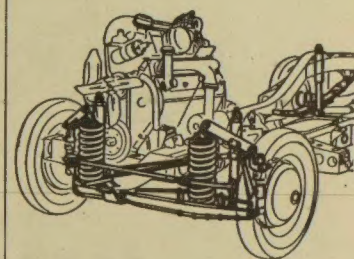
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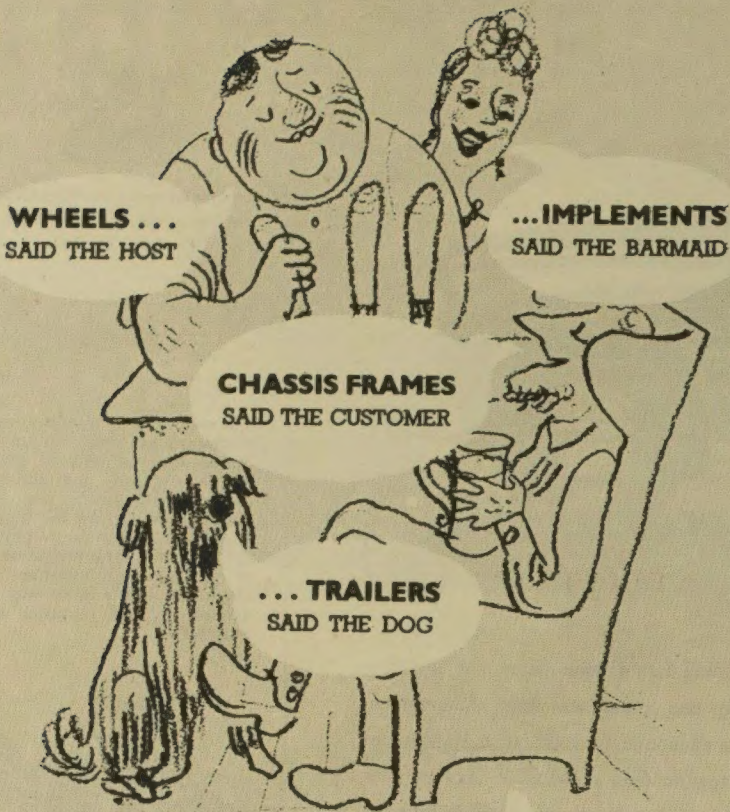
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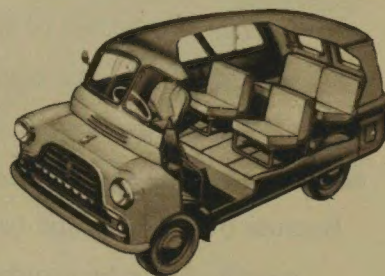
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● It's fun travelling all together in a party. I've never known a hotel room anywhere in the world to equal our stateroom—either for comfort or gay colour. Our steward and stewardess are sweet, too. They're really helpful and interested all the time. People say everything's just as nice in the "America" too!



● The first-class Observation Lounge is my favourite place in the ship. From the windows we watched the Isle of Wight fall away in the distance, while Uncle was talking business in the Smoking Room. Rather him than me!



... THE WORLD'S FASTEST AND MOST MODERN LINER



● Well, of course, Michael and I love dancing. Who wouldn't with Meyer-Davis orchestras! We're making the most of this wonderful ballroom, with its red and gold furnishings and black floor. Uncle and Aunt prefer playing Canasta; but you can't drag me away from that saxophone!

● The Dining Room's beautiful, but how nice for a change to dine in the Restaurant. Sometimes we sample wonderful American dishes like Clam Chowder and Southern fried chicken. Usually, though, we stick to Continental cuisine—but done so superbly. You should have seen Michael attack a 2-inch-thick filet mignon last night, after a couple of hours in the gymnasium and swimming pool! Uncle was frankly surprised at the wine list—they've got everything, he says, and in perfect condition. Hope he won't go to sleep in the cinema!

On your way to the U.S.A. why don't you take a wonderful holiday—in the "United States" or the "America"? Fares and expenses on board are payable in sterling.

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50 PALL MALL, LONDON S.W.1

EAGLES THROUGH THE AGES



THE sign of the black spread eagle has been associated with Barclays Bank for more than three centuries. It was hanging in Lombard Street at least from the late seventeenth century, when, in another part of the street, John Freame started the business which later became Barclays Bank. In 1728, when he moved to the house of the eagle (the present Head Office of the Bank), he retained the sign. In 1937 arms were granted to Barclays Bank, in which the black spread eagle and another ancient Lombard Street sign—the three crowns—were incorporated. They are illustrated here together with an illuminated border. The heraldic description reads: Argent an Eagle displayed Sable charged on the body and on each wing with a Ducal coronet of the field.

The Eagle has a special significance in the rich tapestry of heraldry, characterising supreme strength and endurance. In this present era, the Goodyear Eagle marks a similar alliance. Powerful in appearance, unequalled in craftsmanship, it is the ultimate in car tyre quality; providing dependability, long life and lasting wear. The Eagle by Goodyear is outstanding value for the bigger car.



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